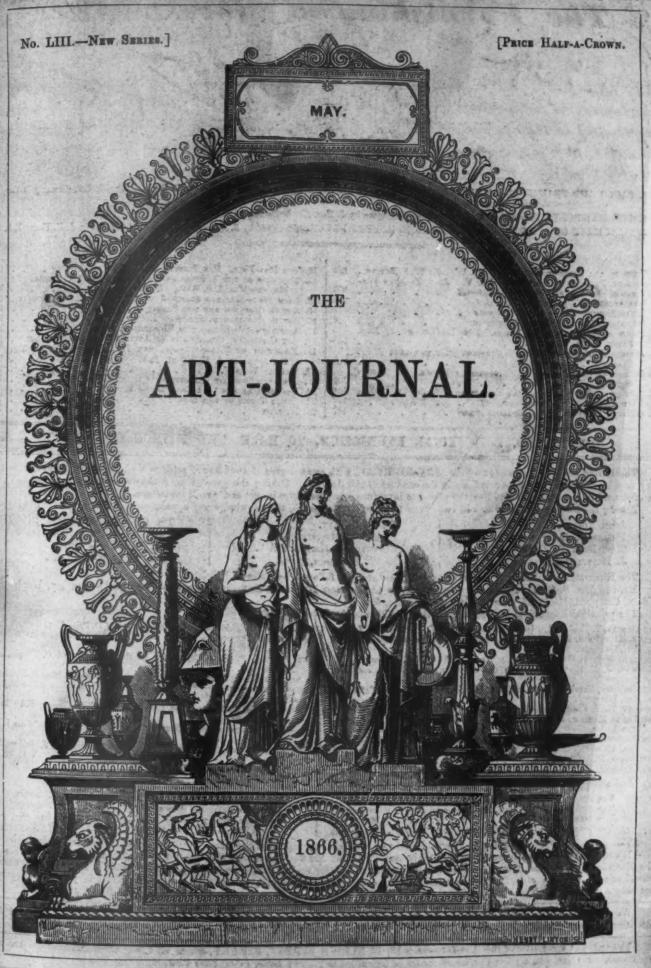
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DEDICATED, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Editor and the Proprietor of the ART-JOURNAL, with some degree of confidence, refer to their past efforts as evidence that they may be relied on for future exertions in the conduct of this Journal. During the present year they are enabled to calculate on the

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MAY 1, 1866.

VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS.

IV.

POMPEIL.—THE ENCHANTING SIGHTS AND DISEN-CHANTING SOUNDS OF NAPLES.—CAPRI.



N first visiting Pompeii, by railway, we were hurried through — hurried, though three hours there, by one of the government guides in a military undress, like that of

ment guides in a military undress, like that of an Austrian soldier, with a sword by his side, and the constant grinding of the most harsh wooden kind of French from his chest and tongue. More civility and patience could not be expected; nevertheless, when one halted behind him, to dream a

little, and excogitate after one's own peculiar fashion, his "Par izi mozziu," disenchanted away the incipient fancy; and one had to hurry after him with piteous regrets that the fond expectation of years should be fulfilled by moments so hasty and disquieted. The best result for the present was a coup d'ail; and for this the day was even profoundly favourable; for the mountains overlooking Pompeii were all frowning darker than mere opaque blackness over this cemetery of a city, setting off the deep warm ruddy hues of its roofless vistas with the most appropriate brooding solemnity of effect. I had no notion of such magnificent mountains shadowing Pompeii. On one hand, the loftiest of the Sorrento range (Il gran' Sant' Angiolo) is proconsul of the landscape, with lower ridges beneath, whose darkness, scattered with pale villages, mingled its lines with those of the city. On the opposite side, Vesuvius alone scowled on its victim, as if it had by no means done with it yet; the loftiest part, whence came the eruption, round and insidiously smooth, like the breast just above Livia's, or Antonia's, fiery heart; but sharp-riven crags lurking behind it, ominous of form exceedingly, and catching a lurid light every now and then from the only one or two sunbeams that ventured out that day. A presentiment that Pompeii is destined to another visitation from the mountain furnishes perhaps the best excuse for removing away all the more precious of its relics.

I was particularly struck with the openness of its exposition, not somewhat in a hollow, as I had always pictured to myself the buried city, but out over a rising undulating country with a wonderfully confiding and unprotected air, at the foot of its dark, reserved, mischief-meaning enemy. The tiny streets themselves, thus ranging freely abroad in long low vistas, look rude and insignificant enough; for

frontages there are none; nothing but mere dead walls, or little shops forming part even of the most elegant mansions, where the luxurious Pompeian gentleman sold the produce of his farms. But behind their shapeless masses continually peer the ornamental remains of the inner chambers; as amongst rough brambles, and rank weeds. amongst rough brambles, and rank weeds, you may chance pop upon wrens' or wild ducks' nests, not only of exquisite fabric, but with delicately-painted eggs in them. These pretty little nests of Pompeian elegance, thus quite in a kind of harem-like reserve and seclusion, are certainly the seclusion, are certainly the gayest and liveliest of ruins; only that the familiar representations of them lessen a good deal their novelty. The frescoes that remain, thus greeting you like old acquaint-ances—fairy-like paintings lurking in the solitude and silence of riven walls and crownless columns—are sadly flaked away in parts, and here and there scratched and rubbed wantonly; yet what we human beings call decay revives things into some other order of life and beauty; and here it is mingling and mellowing the gorgeous colours into nameless tones more beauteous, verily believe, than those originally laid on. And the mosaic pavements Nature is on. And the mosaic pavements Nature is over-weaving slowly, assiduously, with velvet-green moss, which spreads about the little white dots or points of their patterns with touching effect; these tiny squares, by - the - bye, being exceedingly like dice; as if some triumphant gambler among those dissipated Pompeians (some Nictoridius Holenne or Calvacting Opietre) Nistacidius Helenus, or Calventius Quietus) had so paved his atrium in the fulness of his satisfaction in his successes. And why should not he, as well as idealise the objects of his larder, which, with a frank affection, are arabesqued on his gorgeous walls; culinary frescoes being there inter-spersed with mythological ones?

Light, indeed, very light, do these paintings declare their fancies to have been: there seems to have been very little. Theology in Pompeii. The great gods seem here diminished to a kind of elves or fays; and Comus, one would imagine, to be their presiding divinity. All is in his festive and grotesque spirit—in a spirit of easy enjoyment, which assimilates, lowers high things to itself by clothing them with prettiness, and rids itself of things terrible by some sprightly and quaint metamorphosis. As if spell-bound by pleasures, lovely young personages stand, to all appearance, in a state of enchantment quite Arabian-Nightish, in the prettiest but most purposeless pavilions, all ornament, embleming, unconsciously no doubt, beauty without utility. Buoyant nymphs, in draperies most like lunar cloud, glide through a rich-purple night, to grace sweet dreams, or pause to pet centaurs, and hippogriffs, and even stranger chimeras, convincing you that there is no harm in them. And sometimes these nymphs are tandeming the daintiest little gryphons so pleasantly that one longs (in the dream) to be with them, not fearing a reverse. Indeed, these monsters are obviously most sprightly and amiable; their very persons not unfrequently ending in mere floridity and playful flourish. The whole system of bugbears is manifestly repudiated in the sweet tranquil shades of the vine-tangled silent Vesuvius. Does it not seem so? Yet are there traces of a higher romance, memorials of a purer antique time, in those tawny heroes paying high-toned homage, in all its varieties, to beautiful heroines with great dilated black eyes, which sometimes gaze on you with startling freshness and vitality amidst the lonely decay.

Sometimes these paintings reminded me of that most brilliant Lyttonian romance, planned quite sublimely, but in many parts coarsely drawn, and wantoning into too consciously graceful flourish; pathetic frequently, and peerless in catastrophe, but recalling too much our own May Fair and Bond Street in its coxcombries, instead of these immediate "Streets of the Faun and of Mercury;" and in the orgies of Arbaces, one of our book-muslin ballets, rather than aught Parthenopean. The designs of the best of these Pompeian frescoes being so much finer than the execution, they are, in all probability, mere copies from high artistic originals, deteriorated by a long succession of house decorators. The last faint mechanical traces of great designs by Zeuxis and Polygnotus may be here,— here alone; and even in the few simple here alone; and even in the few simple lines there is, of course, an imaginative significance, and a style far higher than our present Art, which has little imaginativeness, and no style at all. Raphael, no doubt, would have left Pompeii spirited with fine fancies; from our Royal Academy he would probably have gathered little but a headache, and some wondering depression of spirits. Worthy of him in spirited motive and poetical grace of conception, are the eight transcendent designs of dancing nymphs transferred to the Museum at Naples from a villa here, which was probably Cicero's, being one of the few whose site answers to being one of the few whose site answers to his allusions. By-the-bye, the last days of Pompeii have out-glared, nearly into oblivion, her serenely, sunnily, illustrious days; when the most human and enlightened of the Romans himself here composed his De Officiis, and Seneca spent his youth in chambers commonly associated with nothing higher than Pansa and Diomed, Ione and Glaucus. We will take the liberty of imagining that those lovely personifica-tions of dancing moonshine were after de-signs by Polygnotus, brought by Cicero from Athens; and that when he showed them to Octavius, his guest here, he repeated warmly that exhortation of Aristotle's, which has also been preserved for us, "Pass before the painters who represent men as before the painters who represent men as they see them; avoid Pauson, who paints them uglier; but linger before Polygnotus, who makes them more beautiful than they are." A tribute to ideality from the great physiologist and rigid logician! In these days how many highly fashionable, opulent Pausons would he have had to warn us against!

But awful is it to turn from the record

But awful is it to turn from the more light unsuspecting art of the Pompeians to some remains of the Pompeians themselves, preserved in a little building on the spot. Four human bodies are shown, much obscured by the pale volcanic matter which has covered and eaten into them, but in liveliest attitudes of pain, despair, and coming death; a man (found in the barracks), his head thrown back, and his legs apart convulsively; a woman in a distorted attitude; and a slender youth, her son perhaps, turned away from her, lying on his face, with his arm bent under it, to exclude some horror, most manifestly. In this figure, under the shapeless cerements, an exquisite antique grace of form may be distinguished, no less than an image of despair arrested everlastingly. Art could not produce anything more fully, effectively expressive, more thoroughly satisfactory to the artistic judgment, than these two figures turned away from each other, at last, in the final awful moment; nor could there be a finer tragic theme for the sculptor than in imagination to unfold these dreadful wrappings, and give us to look upon their

fully-discovered lineaments. At first it seemed as if two more figures of Niobe's children, calcined by the volcanic fires, had been preserved in this first of museums. Amidst the sulphurous embalmings of a fourth figure (a mere Vesuvian mummy), the delicate woof of the garment may be traced, and a love-ring glistens.

It was edifying to look out over the un-

excavated part and find green fields, and sober, aged, reflective trees, obviously without the least suspicion of what was beneath them. And on a second visit, on Sunday, when there were no fancy-obstructing guides, and trains-full of smart people were making a sort of Bois-de-Boulogne of the gratuitous triclinia, and the day was clear and sunny, it was interesting, before saying finally adieu, to linger on the wall nearest the sea, and become acquainted with the actual look-out of the Pompeians.--It was interesting, even exceedingly, to learn what it was that soothed and soda-watered them. when, mounting from their little toy-boxes of streets, and dissipated closets, with cinctures slipping more and more, they expanded on their terraces, and under their vine-shaded pergulæ, in the most daintily-deviced flower-boxes of roofs, fully breathing, gazed at the world around them. The sea, retiring from their walls, has given place to a level of railway-animated fields; but the lofty mountains to the east must have been pretty nearly the same as nowmany-folded beautifully, if not, as now, sprinkled brightly with villages at different heights. And now, in place of that gloomily sympathetic day which mourned over Pomat the time of our first visit, the dear and precious sun was clearly showing all their soft little seams and recesses, curly to their depths with the grey-glistening olive Seaward, Capri was opposite, with Ischia to the right—a terrible volcano of old, far more threatful to Baile and Puteoli than to these shores those earthly mutterings, which sometimes troubled the ear for a few moments, and then passed quietly away, scarcely dis-turbing the lightest dream. Nay, Sallust, turbing the lightest dream. Nay, Sallust, yonder, heard them not for his own hiccup and here fat Diomed, unbraced and confused in his after-dinner doze, believed them to be in his own personal depths and cavities; that being his most profound conviction, howbeit one of the sacred order of Augustals. Navoleia attended not to them because of her love-sigh; * * * * the epigrammatist (the name is somewhere in the Street of Tombel because of his just; and * * * * * Tombs), because of his jest; and the usurer (whose appellatives are obsolete). was equally regardless, being absorbed in his abstruse calculations touching some very neighbourly mortgages. All this, and a great deal more, we contemplated while plucking blackberries in the garden of the Villa of Diomed: pleasant it was to find them there. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Italy and England Italy and England were united in sentiment by the blackberries; besides, there was a taste of home in them, and a welcome really grateful to us lonely strangers, and else unwelcomed wanderers.

The second day after, it was, when we cavalcaded it (on donkeys) up to the Camaldoli, for a noted view of the Baian shores. Serafino, the guide, must have a donkey too. Oh the effeminacy of these Italians! An English guide would blush thus to mount a donkey; a Swiss one carries himself, not merely, up awkward places; and here was a fellow with kid gloves and a fine shirt-pin, who would not take a mild hint to ride and tie with me up an acclivity which I was ashamed to ride up myself. Does that far-famed Italian

view equal in beauty the finer prospects of our Lake District? In the primary of our Lake District? In the primary elements, rock, verdure, and foliage, surely not. Wide plains of the vine extend beneath, with shrubby steeps around, having but a little sandy rock emergent here and there. At long intervals, a tiny cluster of bright buildings, a stone-pine, a ruin-like indication, alone varies this vast dry greyish expanse. Nevertheless, a delicate grace in its long-sweeping lines, and in the more playful, finely-adjusted forms of islets and promontories beyond, has a rare charm. A refined character (pencillable by a refined spirit only, which can abstract the fine style of Nature) compensates for the absence of the more easily defined loveof Nature) compensates for liness; and there is pathos in a certain aspect of age, and ruin, and decline, stamped upon even natural objects; as if much had departed from them; as if they were the imperfect remains of some happier former world. They instil a feeling similar to some exquisite Etruscan vase, so broken along the rim as to make you think its lavealong the rim as to make you think its loveliest ornaments must be gone. And indeed this solitary expanse was once the most favourite resort of the uppermost men of all During that bright noon, strange antiquity. wreaths of cloud hung over the extinct Ischian volcano, and over Vesuvius, exlike volcanic streamers;

thunderings, one knew not where, now and then alarmed the still air. Returning lanes wound deep between tufa cliffs, with grot-like dwellings, and ancient walls, and an aged anonymous tower now and then, which seemed to have grown out of them naturally. And above. ome huge stone-pine was vigouring in the cloudless heaven, the umbrella of the camaugua goats, and vine-dressers, and rural lovers; particularly the parasol of Poly-pheme, which, uprooted, he carried about when looking for Galatea, unable to keep quiet even during the heats of day; though, underneath, it looked, rather, like a great rough candelabrum, lighted with innumerable tufts of upspringing green fire; so bright were the russet-gold branches, and separate small inverted tassels of leafage, branches, and under the light sky. But, as you descend, it is indeed too walled a Paradise; and even when raised in your curriculum, you over-look the walls but seldom. Too bad is it for those villatic people all about Posilipo to engross to themselves such heavenly prospects. Were I an autocrat, this would I. Instead of more niches with Madonnas in them, I would, at the finest points, open little oriels in these walls, where the tourist might gaze -and modestly, even at the exclusive demesnes of these dog-in-the-manger counts and countesses, their bright terraces, and orange bowers with silver blossoms, shelving down to the azure serenity of the sea, which ranges like an infinite solid plain beyond them. Finally, this is very expensive loveliness, made this is very expensive and pairs, local dear deterrently, by valets-de-place, local and carriages and pairs. It is ciceroni, and carriages and pairs. pre-eminently the paradise of "carriage people: ' and the poorer sort must content nselves with one most hurried glimpse of but few of the things they have been hoping all their lives to see, and have come so far, at ill-spared cost, to enjoy, which only the rich can do, or such as can remain long in the country.-And mind you are not impetuously galloped past the supremest love-liness. It was inconvenient to pause there; there was no time. And when by that very absolute driver brought to a stop, it may be at some spot of mere guide-book or historical celebrity, where, whatever there may be for the scholarly memory,

there is nothing to look at; and the privilege of lingering is nothing compared with the delight it would have been to dwell at that lovely turn of the road, which now leaves nothing in your memory but an elysian dissolving-view, very far advanced indeed in its melting.

Before those balmy Baian excursions, sirocco had so damped our spirit's fiddlestrings that their tone was humbling so that when in a few days invited to humbling; family concert, it was some comfort to cherish the hope of a little animating, yet soothing harmony. Alas! nothing of the kind. They were—what shall I say vocal Vesuviuses, volcanic singers, always on the stretch of their harshly worn voices with, it was plain from the very first, no reserve of power for fitting occasions, no piano, no middle tones. It was, just heaven! as if a painter were to paint a picture all in fierce and screaming scarlet. It was pre-Raphaelite singing, shouting all the "facts" of the song with a hard, unfeeling excess of emphasis. And indeed, has there not (I inquire of old-fashioned amateurs of some experience and delicacy of feeling) been, of late years, an analogous decline of the vocal art, from the beautiful to the pseudo-scientific, the pedantic, settling itself into a frigid, laboured, declamatory style, for which the over-honoured name of Garcia is much answerable? It was eminently curious. was a set of people who talked learnedly about music, and yet did not know the great fundamental distinction which lies between singing and mere shouting. The tenor, whilst thus upheaving a song without anything recognisably musical in it, walked freely about, roaring with a self-complacency which would have been amusing, his tones been positively painful to the aural nerve. Having no notion, not they, that the heart, or soul, of music is traceable only in delicate gradations expressive of the natural ebb and flow of thought and feeling, and that noise in opposition to these is (like the undue projection of trifles in pictures) essentially mere feebleness, or blank stupidity, they manifestly thought utterly flat the style of an English lady who sat down to their piano for a few moments, greatly to their impatience. Ah, her manner was gentle, but vital; a human pulsation undulating through it ever: a force, a strength, were in her delicately clear distinctions, ever to be contrasted with their perpetual weak blundering forte, their Yet nobody listened; and a fiery coldness. Yet nobody listened; and a certain little fact soon put her musically out of countenance. Signor Stentorio, an old gentleman, the supreme bore of the evening, with his hoary hair molto agitato, was all the time walking impatiently in and out of the next room, with a ravenous eye on the pianoforte, into the seat of which he bounced the instant she left it, to continue his interminable jumble of improvisings and desultory recellections, strummed and roared so boisterously. Depend upon it, no other sounds give him half the pleasure of these; nay, it may be questioned whether other sounds are ever entertained by him with full consciousness, without some en-feebling absence of mind, some egotistical impatience. And at a public concert the same eruptive style, the same lava streams of melody abounded; of delicacy and tenderness of feeling the Neapolitan musicians

seeming to take very little heed.

No: the harmonious anodyne at Naples was visible, certainly, when in the evening, while we watched from the balcony the gay Chiaja below, the rosy full moon rounded up from behind the very crater of Vesuvius

with a beauteous placidity—a beacon of tenderness, contrasting divinely in the mind with the awful glare of other times. Or it was in the morning, on the eminence by Virgil's tomb, above that stone-pine, an emphatic point of darkness, which heightened all beyond to an aërial bright tenderness, like some last fragment of thundercloud left amidst the silvery dapplings of the morning; or like a swarthy Oriental standing alone at a blonde bridal—a Duleep Singh before a long train of our Princess's marriage-maidens, if such an illustration be admissible. And the long lines of more distant buildings, thus opposed, between the blue bay and the green slopes, looked like foam breaking in sunlight, and lodging flakes playfully even high up; these being high-seated villas, palaces, and gardens, seen but faintly in universal brightness.

The difference between the outside and the inside of Naples, is as the difference between company appearances, and the ordinary looks and ways. Among the lower trading classes morality seems unimproved of late; cheating, rapacious lying, the sham performance of contracts—the paint, the whitewash, with nothing under it—being exceedingly common. And in the streets you are ever liable to be beset for your money with looks, and sounds, and gestures, more like demands than anything petitionary; the public carriage drivers being perhaps the worst nuisance. Plying about for hire, they accost you in a tone hostile rather than otherwise, and drive all about you-weave what may be called a curri-cular mesh about you-as if their object were to reduce you to imagining that the only way to escape being run over, is to employ them at once. In the Museum are two lean youths in bronze, with white eyes, discoboli, bending forward as if to pounce on you, with something absolutely fearful in their expression of aggressive activity. They always reminded me of these cabdrivers, who evade the tariff, and cheat whenever they can, rejecting double the legal fare, perhaps, with an air of fierce and haughty astonishment. Nay, when left unsatisfied, they will keep up their noise in your court, onstrated with but mildly by landlords, and landladies, and porters, and by the police themselves; by the former, because of their power of taking strangers to rival establishments, and by the police because of their homicidal paroxysms. I was myself ones storned in ray vehicle by one of self once stopped in my vehicle by one of these drivers, whose exorbitance I had not satisfied two days before. Rushing forward and laying hands on the horses, "You don't pay those you employ," he exclaimed. But when I raised my "Murray," as if to strike, with a look fiercely emulous of his own, he shrunk off, partly overawed, no doubt, by that symbolical, or nationally-representative volume. They are rank cowards, mostly; but even before the rush of their blood could subside, their knife might be in you. Assassinations, we were told by one well-informed, are of daily occurrence in the dorsal purlieux of the city, especially of husbands by their wives; for the attempt by the police to unravel every ensanguined scrawl left by the seething passions in the crowded back-streets of Naples, were hopeless. The women are much the more terrible of the two sexes. Thoroughly well-founded jealousy constantly drives them to desperation; and the clamorous esprit-de-corps of half the women in the district amazes and bewilders the officers of justice who are desatched into the thick-swarming human hive to investigate the matter.

It was a splendid morning when we set off for Capri, a morning veiled in glory, and like the first smile of some beneficent patron-friend, whose coming promises delightful and most liberal vouchsafements. heights round the bay seemed in a heavenly retirement, aloof in their indistinctness from mortal gaze, enshrined in silver and faint grey azure—seemed something purely ethereal, and as if the hot noontide would melt them all away, rather than solidify into a clear and substantial earthly beauty. This matin glory, of a peculiar whiteness, and touching into distinctness little but the tufa heights about Nisida and Baiæ, gave them literally a look of being modelled in frosted silver. Soon we drew near that lofty and long precipitous Isle we specially went to visit; the exquisite calm favouring the purpose of making right for the Azure Grotto. The Nereids, in this a pristine and Grotto. The Nereids, in this a pristine and original sea of theirs, were indeed weaving their delicatest tremulous tissue everywhere around; and when we arrived at the grotto, which had appeared but a tiny crevice of shadow in the tremendous cliff a-head, they heaved us in as with the gentlest heaving of their bosoms. A favourite cave for the young lovers of Pompeii was this; the entrance being so low that you have to recline by your companion, and embower her, so as to prevent her fair head being bumped by the impending rock. Thus lying down (after the manner of Julius Holconius and Hypsipyle Nistacidia), we found ourselves in sudden twilight, in the fine dreamy grey of the ample cavern, a low broad dome in its tendencies, very symmetrical for a natural cavern. As for the celebrated colour, of course the first thing looked for, the water in the shadowy parts was blue somewhat grave of hue; but where the light entered with us, it was bright with a tint of the utmost purity and loveliness, and where disturbed, sparkled into wavelets of silvery azure phosphorescence, very exquisitely; like a spirit-smile, or laugh, of welcome and greeting; for neither do these beauties of nature, any more than certain others, like to be alonewithout appreciation, thinking nothing of themselves. The cave itself, then at least, was by no means so blue as the usual intensely azure descriptions, but looked rather as if covered by a thin hoar frost, or highly antique mildew. A fine Protean effect, commonly provided for visitors, remained to be seen. An old boatman of Capri, diving into the water, came under it in a strange silvery gleam; and as he after-wards swam about, the water seemed to cover his tawny limbs with a bright silver shirt, lighting up his hoary brows beneath with azure reflections. Whenever he remained stationary, to be duly admired, strange were the distortions and wrigglings of his wavering figure, caused by the various angles of the water through which he appeared—like a frog, like a monkey, like the child pickled in the surgical museum; the disunion of form being as frightful as the colour was lovely. This cave, though re-discovered by some Englishmen but recently, having undoubtedly been used anciently as a bath, imagination may quite appropriately substitute for him the hideous lean old Emperor Tiberius, looking extremely blue, and upheld under the chin by his Pretorian tribune Macro. Some time earlier, when, during a cool collation, the roof of a rocky cave fell in, Sejanus saved his life by arching his huge body over him. Why, therefore, may not Macro have been equally serviceable during a grip of the cramp? I dare say (dispute it who will) that Caligula touched at this cave when tribune Macro. Some time earlier, when,

cruising along the Campanian coast in his famous palace and garden of a trireme, advised by some parasite that he might find genuine Nereids here; which Nereids were, in fact, two Ambubaiæ, a famous Roman actress, and a female athlete, swimming very cleverly, and giggling bewitchingly.

Shooting back into the universal light, we passed some most aspiring cliffs, pale and aërial, though delicately edged with golden moss, and soaring into sunny pinnacles from the steep vineyards around the little Marina, the sole landing-place on this side the island. Here some of the nymphs thereof—the servants of cupidity rather than of Cupid, for which their eyes and forms seemed highly to qualify them—awaited us, and marked us for their prey, full of their privilege to land us, for the sake of such a buonomano as un'galantuomo Inglese need not shame to give. On the beach they stood, with lively maliciose eagerness in their fine dark eyes (maliciosa by no means meaning malice, but merely their bantering high spirit), and their petticoat tucked up, as if ready to seize, and actually bear us ashore. Though not unapprehensive, for something in their aspect indicated a capability of a fierce and wild practical joke, I almost felt as if I could have resigned myself to two Amazonian belles, who were also holding out a number of those pretty little shells called poetically Santa Lucia's eyes; but the boatman, in all probability, not wishing our francs to wander, bullied them rudely away.

wander, bullied them rudely away.
So, landing on our own resources, and pursued by some sharply satirical glances and tones, we walked to Tiberius's Villa, at a great height, up paved lanes, honeysweet with a thorny plant much like the clematis, and hedged with aloes, the cactus, and the blackberry, side by side. Some primitive dwellings, with flat roofs, and little rudiments of domes, beneath the lofty cliffs of Anacapri behind us, overhanging a ruined fortress, and this Oriental vegetation prickling here and there, made, altogether, such a landscape as one might expect in the skirts of Carmel or Lebanon. Nor were these eastern associations weakened by handsome women, with dark complexions, carrying copper water-vessels. There are recent instances of vagrant English gentlemen becoming enamoured of fair Capriotes, and marrying them, heedless of the world, and settling here to devote themselves to their cultivation. To an island so endowed, it is not strange that many artists flock without the power of taking themselves off for months. Hamon, that sweet and graceful, though oddlyfanciful French Idyllic painter, was then here—a plain little man, with a countenance thwarted by acute strabismus, and an appearance, generally, antithetical to his lovely conceptions. Having of late lowered the expectations raised by his charming graphic poem of "My Sister isn't here." Theocritan enough to be set by Poussin, and in its gracefulness of design, and refinement of manner, quite a shame to us rude English, he has of late been bent on restoring himself by a typical conception of Pompeii, studied on the spot, and imagined, we were told by one who had seen it, with a truly Pompeian play of fancy. But latterly, it seems, he has likewise been devotedly studying pigs! For what purpose? Ah! he must be going elegantly to satirise the dirtiness of these divinely-gifted Italians, by representing a lovely graceful nymph, domesticated in serene composure with the swine; all the abominable litter about them utterly disregarded. Assuredl

fair Italia is lamentably wanting in some of

the natural repugnance

Meanwhile we rose in our walk, till there was as much blue bay beneath as blue heaven above, and of the self-same tone and aspect, and streaked with a few little isolated shadows, like the last tiny clouds of serenity, just; or like single Satanic feathers torn out by an angel of light, on some vain attempt of his dark worship to steal up again, and there scattered loosely about. It looked like an abysmal, antipodean sky, ranged high up by one long line of sunny clouds becalmed, which, on attentive, fully conscious view, brightened into all the beauty-linked Baian and Parthenopean shores; that most precious margin of the earth, rich in the loveliness of the sense, and in the graces of memory and fancy The universal tenderness of light on those shores, the crystalline fineness of their forms, and the ineffable delicacy of their colouring, seemed altogether of finer elements than earth: but a substance more delicate still, as if from heaven itself, was silently in communion with them. s cloud, soft and white as a swan's breast, lay, like a snow-slope, in the shelter of the surrounding heights, over Naples itself, motionless, and with the look of a divine mysterious brooding and incubation mollifying, I hope and trust, the spirits of the good citizens underneath, which probably had been suffering even worse than my own; since sirocco, it seems, so far from improving on acquaintance, does

rather the reverse.

Let us not wonder that all this softened not Tiberius; for he had not the faculty without which nature is a dead letter. Even the most enlightened Roman saw nothing in landscape higher than mere amenity, grateful to the senses, and soothing to the world-wearied mind; its power of moving the depths of the soul being felt by the children of the more deeply reflective north only. Since Tiberius used to please himself with the notion that worse was coming after him, we may think that it would have gratified him, could be (meditating in his way) have foreseen that you smooth gentle ountain directly before him, then level at the summit, and peaceful as the Falernian ridges beyond (so famous for their wine), would, ere long, destroy the three placidly glittering cities at its feet. I quite imagine that he gave secret orders to be called when-ever a shipwreck was to all appearance at hand, that he might be stirred to unwonted satisfaction by the unimpeded spectacle. Extensive ruins of the chief of his twelve villas here, the Jovian, remain on the lofty eastern point of the island, in the usual grot-like arches of various brickand stucco overgrown with broom, and alleys with rude mosaic pavements; one of them, a curious inclined plane, where tame rabbits were flitting about. And on the Salte, the cliff whence his victims were hurled, a soft monk, called a hermit, watches a chapel prettily bedizened, and welcomes tourists francs. And there the image of one degraded into a successor of Juno and Cybele may bring historical associations as cruel, and more sad and awful than those of the Villa of Tiberius itself.

The plunge of the Salto is tremendous. The aerial blue of the sea has ample space to darken into profound shadows around its pale abyss; but at its foot the water is the loveliest blue-green; no slab of verde-antique, or malachite, entombing the ashes of a Cesarian victim, could lie over him with so tenderly serene a grace. "Listen— again—again." cried the old woman, as

the stones she threw down continued to rebound. Tiberius could have counted long and many, as his victims thus fell, and with at least this reflection, that in a world of conspirators, there was, for the moment, one less. Had Lord Byron come here, the reflective malignity of the third Cæsar, which grudged his victims the escape of death when he felt certain of their wretch ness, and his own imperial misery in this unapprehended Elysium, would have been the very theme to draw forth the Satanic as well as Paradisaical beauty of his darklyimpassioned muse. Eloquently, with a profound gusto for misery and desolation, might he have made him, standing self-prisoned on this cliff, prophecy Pompeii. Thus attributing to him imaginary dignity, and imagination itself, to one most indi-gent of that faculty, and so beggarly of the future as to feel sure of nothing before him; hence his quaking terror, and rigidity in remorselessness only. Though raised by the angry pencil of Tacitus into something darkly sublime, the ideal of a pro-found tyrant, he seems, in reality, to have been a mediocre personage, a pedant, and a martinet in details of business, but without comprehensive mind, temper, or greatly-fitting resources,—awkward, and actually cowardly, to a degree un-Roman; the clue to his conduct being traceable best in his portentous words that in others He held a wolf by the ears. Long he was a well-intentioned indefatigable ruler, and to the last emitted fitful gleams of justice, and even of nobleness; such his obscure inconsistency. But this general fearfulness, only aggravated by the baseness of universal servility, and quickening, most likely, a vein of Claudian madness, transformed him into a monster, whose family starvings to death to prevent the shedding of the sacred blood, and other dreariest atrocities, betray also the aged perpetrator's very depth of dismality. In the world there scarcely can have been a more abject wretch than this master of it who feared as much as he was dreaded, and here hid his cutaneous unseemliness, his old stooping leanness and baldness, and unready awkwardness, from those he could not face, though he sent out murderous against them. Distrustful of himself, feeling his inferiority to his two predecessors, and to others near him, whose title might be held as good as his own, he was haunted by an exaggerated sense the precariousness of his elevation, and by a smell of conspiracy in everything. When continuing to lean on the arm of Libo with an air of unusual friendliness, it was to prevent his drawing forth a dagger which he imagined to be hidden in his dress. When compassing the fall of Sejanus, he watched his telegraphic signals along yonder shores with restless anxiety; the swiftest triremes waiting below to speed him to his best-affected legions if he failed; and after the figurings of his success, he had not nerve to admit to his presence those who came to confirm his presence those who came to confirm them. Whilst our Saviour was in the orient in the flesh, Beëlzebub, "of grave aspect and sage," seems, after all, to have been the particular fiend who held this Emperor of all Earthly Iniquity in his grip, shaking him with noonday nightmares; for there is much reason to doubt whether he was so steeped in Belial as the love of invective and scandalous anecdote the Roman writers has given out. After state business by regular daily post, and anxious astrology, his mental pursuits seem to have been mere dull pedantry; the most trivial and driest distinctions of grammar and mythology being his intel-

lectual cribbage and dominos, to fix thought

from wandering into tormenting darkness.

The first glance at a beautiful thing is commonly worth all the others following it; and by long entertaining what is heavenly, we often unconsciously but drag it down to our own dull level; have not even theologians now and then proved this? Nevertheless, on the heights longed for opportunity to familiarise myself with the island, and envied those who could do so; the Englishman who married the beautiful Capriote and domesticated himself here, Hamon among his pigs, nay, even Dr. Clark, in his hydropathic villa of Quisisana down yonder, among his patients. But I looked rivetingly, lest this lovely divineness should melt from my memory; which seemed all the more likely, inasmuch as it looked like a purely ideal dream already. From the Odyssean Isles of the Syrens in the east, even to Ischian Epomeus on the verge of sunset, those curving shores, crowning the etherealseeming bay, seemed of some substance more delicate than belongs to earth,—a substance of crystalline lightness and purity, yet of those glowing hues which hint of tenderness, and love, and unsec-tarian delights. The mystical habitations, they seemed, of the shades of the sweetest and best of those beings, who, in most ancient days, dwelt there in the fulness of human life, and dwell there now in un-trammelled spirituality, and cloudless peace. In a future state of existence (if, indeed, not before), I perhaps may be permitted to return and contemplate the whole with disembodied ease, exempt from duties, difficulties, and shabby circumstance. Is too much to conceive that, between death and the final leaving of this world, the soul may be allowed, though rapidly, to see it well, and so retain through eternity a complete and vivid remembrance of the home of its childhood, and of so much of wondrously beauteous providence and beneficence?

Until I saw from the sea the rocks at the east end of Capri, I met with nothing distinctively sublime in the landscape herebut these are astonishingly so, ascending from the water in towers and spires, range above range, with deep recesses, tremendous fissures, between them. The crumbled, much disintegrated character of the rock giving them a decayed aspect, they also look like ruins, remains of some more ancient world, whose might and magnificence have passed away-an aspect here peculiarly stimulative to the imagina-tion. It was difficult to induce the six lazy boatmen to row far along this succession of solemn Odyssean amphitheatresthese mysterious Tiberian brooding places, the three lofty towers of rock towards called I Faraglioni, which rise a bow-shot from the land. Light-houses of warning and prohibition were they, when dashed as we saw them, by the crimson fire of sunset, ominous of blood to the drifting fancies of those borne near them; for there, in the dark water under you huge natural arch open to the lonely horizon, the emperor's guard probably lurked, to destroy those who, seeking refuge from the waves, disturbed his privacy, and might have carried back to the world hints of its miserable weakness. I would have got further; but the boatmen's report of insuperable difficulties to be apprehended from a slight breeze now softly perceptible prevailing over my inexperience, too soon wafted us back again; and imagination wafted us back again, had to conceive the rest.

W. P. Bayley.

MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM.

No. V.—JEAN FRANCOIS PORTAELS.

OR a considerable time after the revival of Art in Belgium, now nearly forty years ago, two antagonistic schools may be said to have existed there, those of Antwerp and Brussels; the former steadfast to the anfrussels; the former steadast to the ancient traditions which descended to them from the great masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the latter impregnated with the style—pseudo-classical—taught by the French painter, David, when an exile in the city. His two principal followers were Odevaere and Navez, the latter of whom alone has left behind him a percent of distinction and even this is of no him a name of distinction, and even this is of no very high repute. But although the rivalry of the two schools exists no longer, the influence of the st, modified as it undoubtedly has been by contact past, modified as it undoubtedly has been by contact with the schools of other countries, and by a larger and wider sympathy with the age and its requirements, is yet in some degree discernible in the works of the disciples of each. The French school, but not that of David, still exercises some power over the painters of Brussels; those of Antwerp repudiate it, if not altogether, in a considerable degree at least. The artist whose works are now about to be noticed must be classed with the former though as he is not strictly a must be classed with the former, though, as he is not strictly a painter of history, he cannot be placed in the same category with those more especially alluded to in the preceding sentence.

JEAN FRANÇOIS PORTAELS was born in the pretty little town of Vilvorde, a few miles only from Brussels, and between that city and Malines; within short distances of the town lived two of the great old masters of Flemish Art, Rubens having his country house at the village of Steen, and Teniers his at Perck. The

history of Vilvorde to Englishmen has, or ought to have, a special interest, for in its castle William Tynedale, the first translator of the English Bible, was incarcerated for a year and a half; and after being brought to trial on the charge of heresy, was condemned to death. The sentence was carried into execution, in 1536, by strangulation at the stake, and the burning of his lifeless body.

Among the pupils frequenting the studio of Navez, formerly Director of the Brussels Academy of Painting, was M. Portaels. The theoretical knowledge he acquired under this able instructor The theoretical knowledge he acquired under this able instructor was followed by a more practical and enlarged course of study in the atelier of Paul Delaroche, in Paris: here he learned those principles of colour which the Belgian professor could not teach him; and he also learned how to apply them. In 1842 he gained the great prize from the Antwerp Academy, which entitled the holder to proceed to Rome for a definite period of study. To this circumstance may in all probability he traced the love of travel circumstance may, in all probability, be traced the love of travel which has marked the artist's after career, and the line of subjects which has marked the artist's after career, and the line of subjects to which he has almost exclusively adhered; for he has passed a very considerable time in the East, three or four years in Italy, and has visited Hungary, Spain, and other countries of Europe. His most important works, however, are associated with his travels into Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, though among the pictures painted by him are 'The Crucifixion,' 'The Descent from the Cross,' 'St. Anthony of Padua,' &c.

For originality of conception and true poetical feeling, 'The Flight into Egypt' must be placed at the head of M. Portaels's works: 'it forms one of our illustrations. Here we find a new and elegant—no other term seems applicable to it—reading of a subject which so many of the old masters placed on their canvases; but it is a purely imaginative composition, without the slightest

subject which so many of the old masters placed on their canvases; but it is a purely imaginative composition, without the slightest approach to historic truth, even as regards assumed locality. The river is evidently the Nile, for the Pyramids, which rear their heads at no great distance from its banks, are faintly visible in the horizon. In the boat—one of most picturesque form—are the fugitives from Herod's murderous decree. The action of the



Virgin Mother would be perfectly natural if the Infant Christ had Virgin Mother would be perfectly natural if the Infant Unist nau really been as old as He is here represented; but when His parents went down with Him into Egypt, He was in all probability a babe in the arms of His nurse. Joseph, too, has all the appearance of a man somewhat advanced in years; painters and writers have very generally represented him thus, though there is nothing but traditional authority to support the assumption. To the prow of the boat is attached a floral chain, by which two angels draw the vessel and its precious freighbors over the smooth surface of the vessel and its precious freightage over the smooth surface of the

In attendance on the Holy Family is a group of angels some bearing palm-branches; the foremost one carries an olive-branch; and as they float through the mellow sunshine of an Eastern eventide, one can imagine them singing again the song of the Nativity,—" Peace on earth, good-will to all mankind." The manner in which this picture is painted is quite worthy of

^{*} A large and very fine engraving of this picture has been published by Messrs. Goupil and Co., London and Paris. We cannot speak in too high terms of the print.

so beautiful a design; the boat stands out in dark relief against so beautiful a design; the boat stands out in the telest spatial the sun-lit waters, throwing a sharp, deep shadow over the nearer surface, broken only by the water-lilies. The motion of the winged figures is light and aërial; they are not solid bodies, but have so much of corporeal nature as to separate them, for pictorial effect, from the world of spirits: they almost suggest the idea of transparent substances.

Our next engraving is from a picture, 'REBECCA,' which, in all probability, many of our readers remember to have seen, with others by this artist, in the International Exhibition of 1862. A graceful figure is the patriarch Isaac's future bride, picturesquely costumed after the fashion of the East, and surrounded by acces-

sories which are grouped into a rich composition. "The damsel" is, as described in the sacred narrative, "very fair to look upon." She has come to the well to draw water, and unexpectedly finds herself decorated with costly golden ornaments by the servant of Abraham; but her thoughts are evidently less absorbed by these than by the singular manner of their possession. She is manifestly thinking of the circumstances attending the gifts, and of what may be the result of the meeting with the stranger. The subject has often employed the pencils of painters, but we never remember to have seen it treated with so much simplicity, novelty, and luxurious, yet chaste expres on, as we find it in this version. The third engra

ving, 'Drought in Judea,' ex-hibited in Brus-'DROUGHT exsels in 1852, differs materially not alone from two preceding works, but also from almost every other by M. Portaels with which we are acquaint-ed; it is a bold attempt to realise an ideal historical scene, such as the records of Jewish annals might have described. A He-

brew family jour-neying in "a land where no water is," has reached a well in the neying in "a land where no water is," has reached a well in the desert, hoping to find there that of which they stand so much in need: but the spring is dry, and overwhelmed with dismay, each member of the family, which includes servants or slaves, gives way to a feeling of despair. The chief interest of the picture is centred in the female who, with uplifted arms, raises her pallid infant to heaven, as if she would appeal by its suffering to the Deity for the refreshing draught. The patriarch, or head of the family, holding a Hebrew scroll in his hand, stands by in silent hopelessness, unable to offer comfort or relief to those who look to him as their natural guide and protector for aid or advice in this

hour of sore distress. The composition shows careful study and hour of sore distress. The composition shows careful study and a knowledge of the principles on which a group of figures may, by their arrangement, be made most effectively pictorial. Exception will probably be taken, and on not altogether insufficient ground, to the action and expression of one or two of the female figures; but this by no means mars the general interest of the work, or detracts greatly from its merits. The translation of the coloured original into black and white is rendered powerfully striking by the able manner in which the painter has treated the chiavo-scave; by an artistic license perfectly justifiable, though it may contravene the laws of nature, he has concentrated the it may contravene the laws of nature, he has concentrated the light almost in the middle of the group, or, rather, has thrown it from right to left,

nearly across the canvas, leaving all the rest more or less in shadow, the principal figure standing out in bold, dark relief against the background, and greatly intensify-ing the light.

At the triennial exhibition of the Belgian School of Art, in 1850, at Ghent, and also at the Interna-tional Exhibition in Paris, in 1855, M. Portaels exhibited a picture that attracted deserved notice by the novelty of the subject no less than by the masterly and graphic way in which he presented it. The title given to it was 'Le Convoi Funèbre au De-sert;' the body of an Arabchief, who has fallen in a skirmish, is being carried to its last resting-place on the back of his camel, accompa-nied thither by a numerous body of relatives and friends. The arrangement of the figures is most skilful, the drawing vigorous yet careful, and the heads are charac-terised by dignity expressi while the arid appearance of the landscape is quite suggestive of the fervent heat of an African sun.

Photography renders us valuable assistance by



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.

come acquainted with pictures the originals of which are out of our reach. Among the photographs in possession of the writer is a large one from a painting by this artist, the title of which he has not been able to ascertain. It represents, however, a group of wandering Arabs resting in a spot rendered inviting by the of wandering Arabs resting in a spot rendered inviting by the scant shade of a few pollard willows, and by a sprinkling of shrubs. One of the group, a man somewhat advanced in years, with long The patriarch, or head of the family, holding a Hebrew scroll in his hand, stands by in silent hopselessness, anable to offer comfort or relief to those who look to him as their natural guide and protector for aid or advice in this

ments, while behind this last figure is a young man costumed after the Eastern fashion, though he has more than half the look of a European. Perhaps if we had ever seen M. Portaels habited in the dress which men who travel much in those countries generally wear, instead of making his acquaintance, as we did, in that of the studio, we might have recognised the artist himself. in that of the studio, we might have recognised the artist himself in this picturesque horseman, mounted on one of those smallin this picturesque horseman, mounted on one of those small-headed, long-maned steeds which are the pride of the Arabs of the Desert, and loved by them as if they were of their own flesh and blood. This horseman has evidently been attracted to the spot by the strains of the musicians, and has pulled up on his way to become a listener. Judging from the photograph, the picture must be painted in a bold, sketchy style; but the composition, wild and almost weird-like as it is, shows everywhere the mind of a poetic designer and the well-practised hand of a master.

M. Portaels was certainly not so well represented in our International Exhibition of 1862 as he might have been; his contributions amounted only to three in number, and these were by no

tions amounted only to three in number, and these were by no means the most important of his works, two being single figures

only, 'Rebecca,' the picture we have engraved, and 'A Hungarian Gipsy.' The third—in point of subject at least—was of greater pretensions, 'A Caravan in Syria surprised by the Simoom.' When it was exhibited in his own country, about the year 1848—for it is a comparatively early work—one or two of the Belgian critics handled it with greater severity than justice. An easy matter it is, though a very unwise one, for men to write of what they are ignorant; and so it often comes to pass that critics who have is, though a very unwise one, for men to write of what they are ignorant: and so it often comes to pass that critics who have never set foot beyond the boundaries of their native land, presume to talk oracularly of objects, and scenery, and atmospheric effects their eyes have never seen. This seems to have been done in the case of the 'Simoom' picture, which, nevertheless, is a work of great merit, and, so far as one can judge of such a subject from what other artists have shown us, of unquestionable truth also.

Rich in poetic fancy, and characterised by extreme delicacy of treatment, and by genuine feeling, is his 'Leah and Rachel,' two exquisitely beautiful, dark-eyed figures of Jewish type; the former bearing on her shoulder a young naked boy, who stretches out his hand to pluck some fruit from the hanging branches of a



en by W. J. Allen.]

Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.

tree under which they are passing. Leah's left hand is placed lovingly on the shoulder of her sister, whose face has a shadow of sadness as she walks along, with the head drooping somewhat, and her hands folded before her. There are many more of his "subject-pictures" to which we could refer if our space allowed it.

Every visitor to Brussells must became the church of St. Jacques.

Every visitor to Brussels must know the church of St. Jacques, on the Place Royale, which forms so striking an object as one ascends the steep street of the Montagne de la Cour. The pediment of this edifice is ornamented with a fresco painted by M. Portaels, the subject being allegorical of Christianity. The Virgin and Infant Saviour are placed in the centre, and on each side are figures approaching in the act of worship. They are side are figures approaching in the act of worship. They are habited in the costumes of all the countries where the Christian religion prevails:—"The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." There is great depth of colour in the figures, which is materially assisted by a background of gold. The whole of the work was done by Portaels. Another fresco by him is in the Chapelle des Frères de la Doctrine

Chretienne: it is executed in the water-glass medium, the artist being the first to introduce this process into Belgium. The tympanum of the portico of the Theatre Royal in Brussels has also

panum of the portico of the Theatre Royal in Brussels has also a fresco of a dramatic subject painted by him.

As a portrait-painter he has attained great eminence. Among the distinguished personages who have sat to him may be mentioned the Empress of Mexico, the Queen of Holland, and Mehemet Ali. Many of his ideal portraits, or rather portraits of females whom he has met with in his travels, are of singular beauty, such as his 'Cervolana,' 'A Young Girl of Trieste,' 'An Eastern Girl,' 'Glycine,' 'A Story-Teller of Cairo,' &c. &c.

In the studio of M. Portaels, at Brussels, we saw several pictures in progress, mostly of eastern subjects and scenery. During three years he was Director of the Academy of Ghent, a post he relinquished to fill that of first Professor of the Academy of Brussels, of which he is a member. In 1863 he was enrolled among the "Membres Agrégrés" of the Antwerp Academy.

James Dafforne.

THE ART-JOURNAL.

ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN.

The number and variety of illustrated books which come into our hands at the end of every year and the beginning of its successor, render it no easy matter to keep pace with the demand they make on our pages; still more difficult is it to find room for notices within a reasonable time of publication; and this oftentimes compels as to introduce to our readers works which, perhaps, they already know, but which, nevertheless, we ought not to pass over.

From a literary point of view, one of the most remarkable features of the age is this almost universal taste for book illustration; it has forced its way and pervades, more or less, nearly every kind of writing, ephemeral or enduring; books for the old and the young, the scholar and the illustrate, the man who loves Art for its own sake and because it is a real delight to him, and the man who cares nothing for it except the passing gratification of turning over a few pictorial leaves. And it is astonishing with what utter indifference this is done by some who possess both mind and education, just as if pictures had no language they could understand, and could teach them nothing. Yet one, after all, need searcely wonder at this, if he recollects how many owners of valuable paintings there are who regard them only as so much property, or as possessions that add grace and beauty to his mansion, and, by implication, testify to his taste and judgment as a collector, while they minister to his vanity as exponents of his wealth and liberality of expenditure.

Less than half a century ago book illustrations were limited to two kinds, plate-engraving and wood-engraving; the latter ever did, and always must, from the readiness with which it accommodates itself to the printing-press when employed in conjunction with type, have precedence in extent of use over every other style. But lithography, both plain and coloured, block-printing in colours, and photography, now take their places within the range of arts applied to literature; thus giving variety as well as, so far as reg

draw still closer the bonds of amity which unite-children with the living creatures around them. The author says,—"In penning the volume, the aim of the writer has been to plead with the young on behalf of poor dumb animals;" and this he does most effectually by relating anecdotes and stories that tend to show how much we all are indebted to them for what ministers to our wants and pleasures and the ministers to our wants and pleasures, and that we can only evidence our gratitude by treating them with invariable consideration and kindthem with invariable consideration and kind-ness. If this book could find its way into every house in the kingdom, as it deserves to do, what good might it not effect! what lessons of huma-nity would it not teach, as well to the young as to those who require such teaching even more than our boys and girls—the man who is a greater brute than the animal by whose toil he carns his daily bread!

"Our Children's Pets" is extensively illus- trated with engravings from drawings by Birket



Foster, Harrison Weir, W. Hunt, J. Gilbert, | F. W. Keyl, Fitzgerald, Anelay, and others.



* OUR CHILDREN'S PETS. By Josephine. With numerous Hinstrations. Published by S. W. Partridge, London. We give two specimens of the smaller sized | woodcuts: the larger will not suit our page.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE fortieth exhibition of this Academy opened The fortieth exhibition of this Academy opened on 17th of February with a display entirely worthy the fair repute of the Scottish School of Art. The resident artists contribute in their several departments faithfully and well, while others, good and true men, self-expatriated, who won their earliest laurels under Northern skies, show their affection in no unmistakeable manner for old Edina Alma Mater.

Chief of these last, it is well to have to say, is Mr. J. Philip, R.A., H.R.S.A., whose portraits of the honest men and bonny lasses of the North "countrie" are as masterly as those delineations of Spanish washeed and honey. of Spanish manhood and beauty which won for him long ago the designation of the modern Velasquez. Of two male portraits the most extraordinary for vigour and breadth is unquestionably that of the accomplished Treasurer of the Academy, Mr. W. B. Johnstone, R.S.A., and our wonder grows on being informed that it is the result of three sittings. Possessing much simple quiet strength is that of Mr. Wilson of Banknock, with a wonderful bit of colour intro-duced to break the prevailing tone of truthful grey:-but for a picture painted as in the very extravagance of artistic power, take the por-trait of Miss Caird (sister of the eminent Scotch Divine), than which, since Raeburn's day, we have had in Scotland no finer delineation of female form. This is a work which recalls

female form. This is a work which recalls Nelly O'Brien and The Grahame.

The worthy president of the Royal Academy, Sir F. Grant, R.A., sends the well-known portrait of Lord Hardinge at Ferozeshah. The General has a flash of sunlight on his face which may be supposed to be "the light of battle." Exquisitely, beautifully done, is the bash that Hardings idea and according to the state of the supposed to the supposed to be "the light of battle." Arab that Hardinge rides, and somehow the picture suggests when you look at it, that here is a party of English gentlemen painted by a gen-tleman. Mr. James Archer, R.S.A., another of the Scotch Englishmen, sends three pictures, of which the finest appears to be that which he probably values least, 'The Romance.' The air of almost solemn grace with which he has invested the lady who forms the picture, her head bent upon an ancient volume that has led head bent upon an ancient volume that has led her thoughts far, far away over the shoreless sea of old romance—this is greatly better than any amount of shawl painting and embroidery work. It can be always said of Mr. Archer that he touches nothing which he fails to adorn. And yet sometimes he is doing tassel and fringe when he might be writing an epi

work when he might be writing an epic.

Mr. Ballantyne, R.S.A., sends two delightful figure pieces marked by his usual excellences of care in detail and healthy colour. The portrait of 'Mr. Thomas Faed, Painting in a Highland Cottage,' is admirably life-like, and the other, 'Thoughts of Home,' assures any one at a glance that the artist is something more than a mechanician.

Mr. William Douglas, R.S.A., in his most important picture, 'The Tapestry Worker,' gives as a piece of tapestry, clever, as anything that comes from his hand must be, but surely out of drawing. We would rather have had a monk

Mr. E. M. Ward's large picture, 'The Night of Rizzio's Murder,' requires no notice here, after the remarks which we made last year when the work was hung in the Royal Academy. And then comes to be specially named the only picture in the galleries of true historical Art-paintture in the galleries of true historical Art-painting,—Baron Leye's 'Christmas Day at Antwerp during the Spanish Occupation.' With all the great painter's minuteness and truthfulness, there is less of the woodenny feeling about this work—which is more of a psychological structure than a mere picture and thing of paint and canvas—than we remember to have seen in any of his works hitherto exhibited in Scotland. One is taken to the spot, and made to realise the any of his works hitherto exhibited in Scotlanu. One is taken to the spot, and made to realise the scene in the looks and grimaces of each group and individual of the surging crowd. Mollinger, rapidly painting himself into great fame on the northern side of the Tweed, contributes one picture. 'The Sheencotes of Westerboek,' picture, 'The Sheepcotes of Westerboek,'
which indicates 'the conscious possession of
masterly power; no touch at haphazard, but

everything put down as one builds a family mansion to last for half a dozen generations. Mr. Erskine Nicol's, R.S.A., 'Deputation' has already won all sorts of admiratory notices, and needs no praise of ours. Let us come to

and needs no praise of ours. Let us come to native resident men.

Horatio MacCulloch, R.S.A., has long stood at the head of Scotch landscape painters. Dealing more with the simple mysteries of Nature than his predecessor Thomson of Duddingston, with less subtlety and profundity of colour, less delighting among the sterner glories of Nature, his pictures have a frankness and freshness of feeling, a simplicity and heart power—as of 'The Flowers of the Forest,'—that make them not less generally acceptable, nay. make them not less generally acceptable, nay, more so than even 'The Minister's.' His picture this season is a view of Loch Katrine, probably not so pleasing a picture as he has painted before of the same Loch; and yet what can be done on canvas that gives us truer feeling of Highland landscape than this photographic picture of Ben Venue, green here and there with little groves of bracken, rough with riven rock and lichened boulder, or glistening with tiny runlet courses gurgling in silver spray down his old sides, his feet among the solemn pines, and muffled among the umbrage of birch and hazel that skirt the pleasant shore? One and hazel that skirt the pleasant shore? One breathes the very feeling of the Highlands—when above us is the soft translucent blue, representing all we know as yet of Heaven. MacCulloch's name is associated with many of the grandest, loveliest scenes in the land-scape scenery of Scotland, and it will live connected with them long after his own bright eye has ceased to sparkle. There is a niggling littleness about some of the other most ambitious endeavours to paint Scotch scenery, which even early panoramic training and feeling cannot conquer; and yet very excellent landscapes there are in this Exhibition, but not many. 'The Vale of Teith,' by Mr. Bough, in last year's Royal Academy, is able and laborious, wanting breadth in all save in canvas, a remark which breadth in all save in canvas, a remark which by no means applies to his 'Tower of London,' the ablest picture, take it in every regard, he has yet exhibited. A figure picture by the same artist is characteristic of his good taste and feel-

artist is characteristic of his good taste and feeling—an admirable family memorial.

Mr. Harvey, P.R.S.A., contributes but one picture, under the simple designation 'A Drove Road.' A few sheep are being driven by the aid of a shepherd and his dog, preceded by the (probable) master of the flock on a white pony, which we remember of old, through a dreary Scotch moor—and that is all. And yet the painter gives us a psalm-like poem. A scene this that, for aught we know, may be charged with memories of old Covenanting days. Leave the road, and strike in among the heather, and it is odds that (starting the hare from her seat the road, and strike in among the heather, and it is odds that (starting the hare from her seat and the grouse from beside the spring, while the whaup flashes, and wheels, and screams around you) at no great distance you find a crumbling memorial stone, witnessing, could you decipher its legend, to some dark incident of the "killing time." On such ground were transacted the high heroisms of Scotch story that Havey of all men has so well illustrated: that Harvey, of all men, has so well illustrated and though no incident is here to awaken active interest. Nature, in her seeming sorrow and interest, Nature, in her seeming sorrow and despisedness, is depicted with appealing power. Broad in handling, very naturally truthful in general tone and in cloud effect—as long experience of such scenery enables us to testify—this we regard as among Mr. Harvey's best landscapes; rendering to the full, as it does, and as few other than he can, the feeling

of the melancholy, cerie moor that the sunbeam seems to refuse to glorify.

Among the most conscientious and unwearied of Scotch artists certainly is Mr. Alexander Among the most conscientious and discarded of Scotch artists certainly is Mr. Alexander Fraser, R.S.A., whose high position no one can now gainsay. It has been won only by earnest study, and it is pleasant to remark that whereas study, and it is pleasant to remark that whereas study, and it is pleasant to remark that whereas for long years nothing could be more material than his painting, more devoid of imaginative feeling, his works now have at times—as in his best picture this season, 'The Forest in June,'—a freshness and exuberance, a wealthiness and rejoicefulness of spirit, that we can scarcely deny to be genius. Than this picture there is not in the galleries any finer study of summer greenery; and it is executed with an apparent feeling of revel in the task which makes it the picture most desirable of nearly all we have seen Mr. Fraser paint. Passing others of his contri-butions in landscape, of which we have only space to record that they each exhibit his special merit of faithfulness to an almost photographic extent, and one study of colour, which indicates a power in that direction we see see the believed a power in that direction we scarcely believed him to possess, we must note one little interior, 'Knitting a Stocking,' for minute detail, and for the perspective light which shines out and through, like a bright eye on the wall, as a very

Mr. Waller Paton, R.S.A., contributes largely and variously. Between him and Mr. Fraser there is the difference between the florist and the forester. The latter is never more at home the forester. The latter is never more at home than with a bit of woodland before him, amid which the winds have been at riot, splitting and twisting boughs and branches, bending and rending trunks and arms—as among the giants of Cadzow that he knows so well—or when deep in the forest hoar, studying the lineaments of some still vigorous patriarch, whose story he fain would learn: the other finds matter for long, loving study in the green, dark moss that cushions the old tree roots, or the tiny wild weeds which carpet and enamel the dell. There is evidence of this love of the minutely beautiful in Mr. Paton's portrait of his brother, reposing al fresco, in true poet-painter fashion, amid the flowers, in what seems a Highland glen, and in which the painting of natural detail is even worthy of that brother. In a fresh, clear bit of coast view in Arran, we have the same careful skilful touch, and a fine broad truth of effect superadded. 'Lamlash Bay' and 'Brodick Bay' are both too beautiful for nature; a re-mark which does not apply to the view from Bruntsfield Links, however, which is at once true, and of rare quality of colour. But in each of the other two landscapes, both extreme effects, Mr. Paton attains to a vigour of expression, and a clearness and truth of colour (though, by-the-bye, a lunar rainbow is an exceptional thing to paint), which designate him for one of the highest places in the future of Scottish landscape art.

The four contributions of Mr. E. T. Crawford, R.S.A., are distinguished, as usual, by great firmness of handling and clear strength

great firmness of handling and clear strength of colour. We can scarcely weary of his Dutch galleons, but he does himself more justice in such a fine mellow bit as 'Skirts of the Wood—Autumn.' There is no more reliable artist of the Scottish school of to-day.

Of Mr. Perigal's, A.R.S.A., seven contributions, all bearing evidence of the unwearying zeal of the artist, we mention as best his scene on the Teviot, and 'Glenmark Castle; both delightfully fresh in colour and feeling, full of light and air, with capital perspective, and the touch is and air, with capital perspective, and the touch is firm and masterly. Mr. Perigal has conquered the glazed and painty look which his pictures used to wear; and our only suggestion is, that the more he labours at compression—painting on moderate-sized canvases, and trusting to his own skill rather than to magnitude of scale—the more is he likely to increase his hold on the

skill rather than to magnitude of scale—the more is he likely to increase his hold on the public, which descredly appreciates his gifts, his clear eye, and his genial earnestness.

Mr. Lees, R.S.A., exhibits largely in the style, or styles, he has pretty well made his own. A skating scene is rendered with great vivacity and landscape (or icescape) truth; and of his other pieces, chiefly sea views, painted in light grey colour, and gauzy atmospheric effect, we like best 'Moonlight on the Sea,' which has poetry in it, and is very pleasing. Mr. Beattie Brown's 'Loch Linnhe' is an important and very meritorious work; a little Mr. Beattie Brown's 'Loch Linnhe' is an important and very meritorious work; a little broken up perhaps to the eye, and yet, in foreground detail and general making out, asserting the care and conscientiousness with which the artist must have laboured on the spot. Mr. Brown brings excellent judgment to all he attempts, and is at once able in his execution and sound in his principle. Mr. P. Graham, A. R. S. A., (henceforth, we believe, to reside in the metropolis) has a very noble picture, 'Culloden Moor,' which would have been a great performance even for a veteran in art. The moor is reproduced in all its natural gloominess, and with

something of the added gloom of woful memomentum of the added gloom of woful me-mories. The sky is becoming palled in a dark rain-cloud, which, partially obscuring the strangely mottled cirrus clouds on the left, has already enveloped all the right distance in heavy mist, and the day will be soon obscured. The gleam of a distant lake alone breaks the dull, drear monotony of the brown dead landscape. drear monotony of the brown, dead landscape— the graveyard of the hopes of a royal race; no animal life is there, and the cairn in the foreground is hardly needed to aid the tragic asso-ciations of the scene. The picture gets a little black, perhaps, here and there, but both in feeling and execution it must be pronounced of surpassing merit. Another cabinet piece, 'Evening, is very tender in tone, and of fine mellow lustre. Mr. Graham will be an important ac-cession to the ranks of London exhibitors.

cession to the ranks of London exhibitors.

Mr. Hill, R.S.A., exhibits two or three small pieces, but not apparently of very recent date, quite characteristic of his fine feeling for nature, and cleverly wrought with his peculiar tench.

Mr. Cassie, of Aberdeen, is very strong both Mr. Cassic, of Aberdeen, is very strong both in figures and landscape, and in all matters of the sea and seaside life, in beauty of colour and fine finish, he may be esteemed the E. W. Cooke of Scotland. How truly he has caught the feeling of that coast scenery amid which his days are spent, we had recently an opportunity of testing when wandering on sunny autumn days on those northern shores:—the sky line in that clear air cut so sharp and keen in the far perspective; the harsh and serried peaks of the iron coast, running far northwards, gradually trembling away like a pencil tracing, trembling away like a pencil tracing, till lost where aky and ocean seem to mingle. Of Mr. Cassio's sea-pieces we greatly prefer his 'North-east Gale coming on,' which is powerful in effect and clever; and of his figure pieces 'Grandmother's Darling,' where we have an interior singularly exact and picturesque, and, saying nothing of the child, a grand old fisherwoman, a perfect specimen of that gaunt, stout race to which belong the heroes of many a battle with those fierce seas. Of three small stout race to which belong the heroes of many a battle with those fierce seas. Of three small pictures by Mr. Houston, R.S.A., commend us to 'Glasven,' which is painted without forced effect, with his usual clearness and precision. Mr. Macneil Macleay is fatally addicted to the use of purple; and this polluting colour, of which an artist's brush, once fairly steeped in it, seems rarely to get clear, destroys his works, otherwise gracefully composed. Mr. Vallance has one good sea-piece, such as he used to paint long ago, not very powerful, but true in colour, and with a good deal of the true frisk and dash of the billow at play. It compares but indifof the billow at play. It compares but indif-ferently, however, with what we are made to of the billow at play. It compares but indif-ferently, however, with what we are made to feel of the sea-power in such a picture as Mr. Bough's of 'The Bass.' Mr. J. C. Wintour, A.R.S.A., retains all his early endowments, with, we are sorry to say, some of his early faults. He has a fine feeling for nature, a good eye for colour, but would rather at any time paint than draw. To our thinking, his best though not draw. To our thinking, his best, though not largest picture is the scene 'Near Abbotsford,' which is very pleasing. Mr. T. Clark, in his which is very pleasing. Mr. T. Clark, in his own quiet way, has been steadily working up to a high position for years past, and we notice has at length gained Academic recognition. His 'Autumn Evening at New Abbey' is a work of high feeling, sonnet-like in condensed expression; and 'Loch Achray' will commend itself for truth to every angler, and every one familiar with that sweet lake. There seem some faults of drawing in the interior he exhibits, but it is, nevertheless, very clever and interesting. 'Loch Spynie, by Mr. Reid, is a gleaming scene—"the holy time," and truthful and tender is the sentiment which the artist conveys. Mr. McWhirter has a picture of 'Daybreak,' the wind parting the grey early clouds, waking up the sleeping sea, passing a lone graveyard on the shore, and whispering to its ancient tenants that yet they must bide own quiet way, has been steadily working up to its ancient tenants that yet they must bide awhile, for day has not come to them; and it is impossible to resist the weird sentiment with which he imbues us. And yet we confess that his success in doing this is much less than comhis success in doing this is much less than com-mensurate with the labour and thought be-stowed. Enough remains in the amount of sheer good painting, in the fine study of cloud and sea, and in the foreground detail of moul-

dering stonework, about which Time's favourite plants have so long been creeping and clamber-ing, to sustain the independent artistic merits of the work. Ohe jam satis! Our space wanes, and there still remain some good and true artists and there still remain some good and true at this to notice, as Miss Stoddart, very graceful as ever; John Cairns, a faithful student, and who shows in various pictures that his Continental wanderings have improved both his eye and hand; Thomas Fairbairn, whose 'Windsor wanderings have improved both his eye and hand; Thomas Fairbairn, whose 'Windsor Castle' is painted in a tone of bright, healthy green, and is clear and true; John Smart, with plenty of good stuff, and yet less powerful than we expected him to be ere this; Mr. C. N. Woolnoth, whose 'Ericht' is lovely in its infinite soft detail; Mr. Oakes, by-the-bye, whose 'Coming Sterm' is almost humorously violent. 'Coming Storm' is almost humorously violent, but whose 'Morning' has many of his best qualities; G. D. Callow, not uninspired; and yet more. Mr. James Drummond, R.S.A., yet more. Mr. James Drummond, R.S.A., almost alone sustains the prestige of Scottish Historical Art. It is his line, and he rarely deviates from it; and though seldom rising to anything of the sublime in history, yet is he a st trustworthy and able workman. most trustworthy and able workman. His pic-tures this year are not very large, but are all of much ability. 'The Harper of Glencoe'—an old bard kneeling amid the snow, and with im-passioned gesture pouring forth a wail over his slaughtered kinsmen-is almost awful in the storm of fierce grief expressed by the picture, which, with genuine merits of colour and drawing, is much less pleasing than that of 'Burns intro-duced to Henry Erskine.' The spirit of that scene is given delightfully, with the true flavour and gusto appropriate to an event which it was well to commemorate as of importance in the fortunes of the poet, and affording to the anti-quarian painter excellent material. Mr. Drumond's third picture is an illustration of an mond a third picture is an illustration of an incident which we suspect to be apocryphal, though our artist is a very great authority to the contrary. Graham of Claverhouse, it is said, on one occasion visiting Edinburgh, the castle being at that time held in the name of James VII. by the Duke of Gordon, scrambled up the lofty rock and had a conference with the lofty his Grace. (He may have got up, but even yet one may wonder how he ever got down.) The attitude of Claverhouse, the calm dignity of the his Grace. attitude of Claverhouse, the calm dignity of the Duke, and the whole composition and accessories of the seene, make an effective picture; but what strikes us most, is the expression on the face of Claverhouse; the heetic flush on the almost womanly features; the troubled and glary eyes that seem to hint of the madness by which so many of the deeds of the bad, bold cavalier were inspired.

cavalier were inspired.

Mr. Noel Paton, R.S.A., Limner to the Queen for Scotland, held an earlier commission as Painter in Ordinary to the Court of Fairydom, and from time to time he renews his allegiance by some illustration of the life and doings of the "good folks" of the poet's dreamland—Kilmeny's land, sacred to the gambols and harmless mischiefs, and pure endearments of a life that is the sweet mimicry of our own. 'Fact and Fancy' represents a beautiful boy with waving flaxen hair, who has by some means found his way into the fairies' haunt in the wood, and before hair, who has by some means found his way into the fairies' haunt in the wood, and before whose bewildered eyes suddenly appears a crowd of lovely creatures and beings of fantastic shape, elish and mirthful, dazzling in sheeny emerant and golden pink; and the glory of the sight seems to transfuse and etherialise him, for surely on fairer human mortal than this fair child on fairer human mortal than this nair did such enchanting vision never break. Minute detail is quite without our limits, and to nute detail is quite without our limits, and to speak of the drawing would be mere impertinence; but this we may say, that in no other work by Mr. Paton for many years has the elaboration been more charming. It is the fine product of the same genius whose first startling fruits were the illustrations of the Midsummer Night's Dream, but of that genius even refined,—and of skill mature.

and of skill mature.

Mr. Paton also exhibits sketches of some of the members of the Royal family, but they are too slight to give us any indication of what we

may expect from his picture when completed.

Mr. Herdman, R.S.A., goes on year by year fulfilling the expectations which his early works excited; showing, as these did, his possession of delicate poetical feeling and power of fine, tender

colour; and this love for colour seems to control any ambition he might justly have for devoting himself to great subjects. His aim seems mainly to be to produce beautiful pictures, and he succeeds. He has "no sorrow in his song, no winter in his year." A sunny melodious nature winter in his year." A sunny melodious nature one would think this painter's, which is evident especially in his love for children, of whom in the present exhibition he has some charming portraits, as 'Cornélie,' a single figure study, sweet in colour and expression; and again and more importantly in the work entitled 'Dressing for a Charade.' It was a happy thought this to construct a family piece in which not only the youngsters should appear at their brightest and happiest, but which should also be a treasure of Art. The most lovely figure is the central happiest, but which should also be a treasure of Art. The most lovely figure is the central little lady, beautiful exceedingly; and very charming, too, is that of the youngest boy who looks on as the others attire themselves fan-tastically with a look of intense enjoyment; but the other faces and figures are sweetly painted, and for truth in texture of drape-sing and for except finish leave pothing to ries, and for careful finish, leave nothing to be desired to render more complete a delightfine colour is the figure of the Roman girl in 'Festa Morning,' and his other pieces, chiefly portraitures, exhibit more or less strongly this his chief excellence, which, however, does not displace his merits as a draughtsman, or lead him at any time into revel without license.

Mr. J. B. Macdonald had established for him-

and grasp of subject, but as so often happens, he seems to turn from the historic path in quest of the more familiar materials of "human nature's daily food." The only thing here nature's daily food." The only thing here quite worthy of his repute, as erewhile a most promising historical painter, is a portrait of an old Highlander who has been "out in the '45." He makes a grand study, like a desolate fort. The handling is broad and firm, the colour quiet and effective. Mr. McTaggart, A.R.S.A., has powers which have enabled him to do better than powers which have enabled him to do better than this year. But slight, indeed petty, as his subjects are, we can recognise in them the healthy feeling, the truthful tone, and the good touch which have distinguished his more important productions. Mr. John Michio's most ambitious work is a picture of 'Persecuted Breton Royalists celebrating the Mass at Sea.' The artist deserves credit and encouragement for adventuring on a subject specially difficult, and which he has wrought out with much ability Garishness of colour used to be alleged against him, and in this picture he has gone to against him, and in this picture he has gone to the other extreme, so that the general tone is a little black; but the drawing and composition are very clever, and the solemnity of the scene is fully impressed. Mr. Edmonston has a capital 'Highland Fair,' abounding in incidents well told—pleasant in colour, happy in grouping, and with clear good landscape. Mr. Halswelle's little picture, 'Sunny Hours,'—fisher children enjoying themselves on the shore of a calm, bright sea—is very nice in feeling and in colour. His largest exhibit is entitled 'Fisher Folk,' and represents the carrying home by fisher. and represents the carrying home by fisher-women of the spoil of the boats. The artist has plainly tried hard to keep down any violence in colour, and nothing is exceptionable in that respect except, perhaps, that, making all allow-ance for the effects of sun and saltwater, faces ance for the effects of sun and saltwater, faces and bare legs and feet have something too much of the tanned leather look. But that is no serious fault, and is, indeed, quite outweighed by the masterly drawing of particular figures, and the admirably clever and forceful expression of the whole scene. The handsome buxom wenches in the foreground, who seem almost to dance forward with their burden, are genuine specimens of the marine Amazon, among whose specimens of the marine Amazon, among whose tribe the test of being marriageable is the ability "to keep a man"—to sell his fish and slave for him, and take care of the stocking and the household gear besides; and the sound slave for him, and take care of the stocking and the household gear besides; and the sound healthy children with a certain brusqueness and oddity about them—a trifle impudent, you may think them, but it only comes of instinct fearlessness,—they are all capital studies. It has been objected that the subject wants dignity, and is unworthy the labour; to which we answer that these "fisher folk" are of the spilth of our national manhood; that the life of splith of our national mannood; that the life of many and many an one of them is a long act of heroism, and that no sadder, nobler annals were ever written than those of our fishing population, to whom danger is a born playmate, nd toil an heritage. You sing and write and eclaim about the "sturdy peasant," his virtues declaim about the

declaim about the "sturdy peasant," his virtues and his wants and wrongs, but must we forget "the boat that wins the bairns' bread "on midnight seas,—nor wish it "mickle speed?"

Mr. Leggett has a very clever interior, 'The Smith's Shop,' but his fault is blackness, which appears also in an otherwise excellent portrait. We may regret that Mr. C. Stanton, A.R.S.A., seems to have resigned the chisel for the pencil, but are almost consoled by such a study as his o'Autumn,' which is in delicious colour, and his female portraits have the same merit, with a certain tender grace about each of them. A young artist, Mr. E. H. Simpson, seems following very promisingly this strain of rich thoughtful colour, and may be notable some day soon. Mr. James Faed paints with much of the family genius, and one small picture, 'The Queen of the Meadow,' is almost a gem. Mr. Gourlay Steell, jun., has a very clever bit, 'The Laird o' Cockpen,' quite up to the humour of the ballad, and otherwise a brilliant, hopeful performance. Mr. R. T. Ross, A.R.S.A., in 'The Fisher's Home,' exhibits one of those cheerful seenes of humble life of which we have had so many, each excelling its predecessor. We cannot pause to describe it, to dwell on its pleasant Autumn,' which is in delicious colour, and his many, each excelling its predecessor. We can-not pause to describe it, to dwell on its pleasant incident, or do more than mention its careful. but not overwrought detail, which great fami-liarity with such scenes and subjects gives him liarity with such scenes and subjects gives him a rare facility in managing, but for a summary criticism let him accept this,—that his picture makes us happy as we look at it. He seems gradually losing old defects of chalkiness and hardness. Mr. H. Cameron, A.R.S.A., exhibits 'The Lesson,' in which the puzzled look of the child is amusing; but the picture is slight as a composition. Better every way is 'Threading the Needle,' and yet neither of these subjects is quite worthy of one whose earlier works indicated his possession of fine poetical feeling. Mr. W. B. Johnstone, R.S.A., besides a sea view, exhibits a fancy portrait of a gentleman as 'An exhibits a fancy portrait of a gentleman as 'An Alchemist. The likeness is good, the handling decidedly peculiar, and yet a certain effective-ness is procured which seems to counterbalance

hat is queer in the method.

Mr. Gourlay Steell, R.S.A., the distinguished animal painter, has the merit of being the first artist in the North to make use of the water-glass process, and albeit not a vehicle for feeble men, it suits well his large feeling and vigorous exit suits well his large feeling and vigorous expression. It seems worthy of notice, that however this process may have failed when applied on composition, the flexibility of the canvas is admirably adapted to it. 'A Good Day's Shooting' is in this style,—a heterogeneous mass of game piled on a rough pony,—very skilfully composed, and remarkable for the variety and truth of texture and colour, whether feathers or hide, from the glossy ebony of the black game's, and the purply brown of the grouse's, plumage to the mottle of the curlew, and the dun-grey coat of the stag. His most important vicinity is always and steep of plumage to the mouth of the stag. His most im-dun-grey coat of the stag. His most im-portant nicture in oils is a supposed scene of dun-grey coat of the stag. His most important picture in oils is a supposed scene of the return of the 'Prize Winners at Battersea to their Native Heath.' The drivers have just committed them to their pastures, and are relating the adventures of the journey apart. On a height, proudly surveying his principality, stands a huge red bull, with horns an ell wide, and back long and level, and shoulders and chine that might make the royal butcher shed tears of delight; and below him are youngsters of the same shaggy race in all sorts of attitudes, while a patriarch ram looks on sedately. In this picture, and two or three minor ones. Mr. Steell a patriarch ram looks on sedately. In this picture, and two or three minor ones, Mr. Steell displays perhaps more strongly than we remember him to have ever before done, his established merits as an uncrine described. merits as an unerring draughtsman, a sound clear colourist, thoroughly intimate with animal clear colourist, thoroughly intimate with animal life and ways and expression. And as sufficient evidence that Mr. Steell possesses the higher faculty of painting poem-pictures, in which animals have part, we might refer to his well-known work, 'A Cottage Bedside at Osborne.' But there is a picture still upon his easel far more pathetic than that. A bright-eyed gleesome girl of some five years or so—the artist's daughter—stands with her arms clasped about the neck of a large smooth deerhound; and he leans against his bonny little mistress with a look of fond devotion on his kind wise face; but with that look is blent unmistakeably something of sadness and presentiment—presentiment too soon to be fulfilled, for the bright eyes have

soon to be furnied, for the bright eyes have long since closed on earth for ever.

Mr. Giles, R.S.A., has, as usual, many little pieces illustrative of life among the deer, which among the Aberdeenshire hills he has long pieces illustrative of life among the deer, which among the Aberdeenshire hills he has long studied. His pictures are always complete and always pleasant, but it is nearly time he contrived a greater variety of subject. Mr. John McLeod, an exclusively animal painter, is clever within his range. He shows no small ability in catching points of form and character, and generally finishes well. But we must mention briefly works in quite other spheres of the art. Beyond question the most perfect full-length exhibited is that, by Mr. J. G. Gilbert, R.S.A., of Mr. Lawson, ex-Provost of Edinburgh. He is painted in his official robes—ermine on crimson—which afford room for the display of that power of colour, clear, rich, and deep, which Mr. Gilbert possesses in the highest measure, as if his place of study had been from youth to

as if his place of study had been from youth to age on the shores of the bright Adriatic. The artist has lent an air of graceful dignity—something even of force—to the genial features and portly form of the ex-magistrate, entirely becoming. He looks like a Doge of old Venice; and the notion is sustained by the Venetian sweetness and lucidity of the colouring, and the look of thorough completeness and mastership about the whole work, as though it belonged to an earlier and a greater school altogether. Mr. earlier and a greater school altogether. Mr. Gilbert contributes also a fancy portrait of 'A Roman Girl,' a favourite subject with him for years past, but never painted more fully out than on this occasion. It may be regarded as a finished specimen of his style of colour, and one never wearies of that beautiful mournful

The two largest full-lengths are those Mr. Bouch, C.E., and his lady, by Mr. Tomlin-son of Huddersfield. They are painted in a style of grandeur quite extraordinary, which, however, is not supported throughout. The flesh tints contrast very ill with Mr. Gilbert's, and the backgrounds are muddled. Mr. Macnee, R.S.A., is strikingly good in two fancy pieces, 'My Little Dolly,' and 'The Ballad,' both of which are in happier feeling and more delightful colour than he shows in his portraits. A ful colour than he shows in his portraits. A serious rival is Mr. J. M. Barclay, A.R.S.A., who has already assumed a great place. He exhibits largely, and each work is marked in more or less degree, according to the subject, by a certain manly unpretentiousness and freedom of treatment. His finest portrait, to our thinking, for quality of colour and arrangement, is that of Sheriff E. S. Gordon. It is a strong likeness painted hypadly and forcibly: ment, is that of Sherill E. S. Gordon. It is a strong likeness, painted broadly and forcibly; while that of Dr. Boyd (A. K. H. B.) is also like and forcible. Mr. Colvin Smith's, R.S.A., sole contribution is a portrait of Lord Elphinstone; it is good in pose and almost everything save the flesh tints, which are quite sooty. Mr. Macbeth's works are ever indicative of his con-Macbeth's works are ever indicative of his conscientious care in making out, and are always very pleasing in colour. His portrait of Dr. Duff is an able and characteristic performance, and there is a gleam which is almost fire in the eyes, that reminds us well of the great missionary ere years and toil transformed him into the bearded sage he looks now. Mr. G. P. Chalmers excites expect expressions by his serry viceous. bearded sage he looks now. Mr. G. F. Chainers excites great expectations by his very vigorous grasp and breadth of touch, qualities strongly exhibited in his study of "Age," and in his portrait of a gentleman of Dundee. He seems, however, to reject all idea of refinement, and realises to the extent of being painfully true. But then we all know that the only true portrait is that which is idealised to the just degree, so that a man shall look that by which he shall be remembered—wear that look we instantly recall on thinking of him. It is "the light, of his countenance" we recall to our inner vision then, countenance" we recall to our inner vision then, not the minute lines and wrinkles of his face, which we never see in actual converse with him. There is just a likelihood, we fear, that Mr. Chalmers may too often exhaust his power

in this literalising way. A portrait is not an anatomical preparation, but really the works of some artists are almost as ugly and unpleasant. Mr. Francis Cruikshank exhibits three portraits, each in different styles; a young lady, a Highland chief (Glengarry), and an official of Edinburgh. They are all painted with very great freedom, and we can speak for the third, which is in a low key, as a strong likeness. Every year this artist seems advancing in his profession, and in colour and drawing he has nothing to learn. Mr. Knott, in his largest picture, is feeble throughout; the others are loose in the feeble throughout; the others are loose in the handling. Mr. Mungo Burton paints almost always in a cold, slaty tone, but, as in his portrait of Captain Seymour, shows often excellent firmness and considerable force in treatment. Mr. Napier's portraits are, as usual with him, distinguished by fine outline and clear bright tone. His 'Edith' is, in these respects, a tone.

charming picture.

Mr. Kenneth Macleay, R.S.A., who has for Mr. Kenneth Macleay, R.S.A., who has for many months past been at work under the direct auspices of her Majesty, still holds his own very easily as the Raeburn of his charming art. His full-length portrait of H.R.H. Prince Alfred, in Highland costume, is a chef-d'œuere. He looks, indeed, overy inch a Prince, and the portrait illustrates to the full the long established qualities of the artist; graceful delicacy of handling, admirable drawing, sweet soft colour. No accessories are allowed to interfere with our admiration of the single figure whose attitude of high-born ease, without a trace of superciliousness, is as perfect as could be rensuperciliousness, is as perfect as could be rendered in oils on an eight feet canvas. Another masterly small portrait is that of the late Mr. Mackenzie, R.S.A., very broadly treated, and there is another of Lord George Campbell, fine in colour and expression.

Mr. G. M. Greig is the best representative of

water-colour apart from portraiture, and several of his pieces (especially the late Prince Consort's room in Holyrood) are distinguished by clear rich colour, and very clever management of

Mr. Brodie, R.S.A., has the best of the marble Mr. Brodie, R.S.A., has the best of the marble sculpture, although Mrs. D. O. Hill is very strong in plaster busts, while Mr. John Hutchison, A.R.S.A., has at least one important work in marble which fully sustains his reputation; and a young sculptor, MacCallum, puts in several very powerful claims to recognition by his busts. Mrs. Hill's bust of Livingston, the traveller, is included in the property of the pr singularly vigorous in treatment, and realises the fearless explorer perfectly; and her 'Little Howlet' is very charming in composition and expression. Mr. Brodie's best female figure it would be very difficult to name; perhaps it is the bust of Mrs. Thomson, which is exquisitely finished, and there are one or two others—especially posthumous ones—refined to that degree of spiritual beauty—with the immortal look cially posthumous ones—refined to that degree of spirituel beauty—with the immortal look—which the sculptor's art excels the painter's in imparting. Mr. Hutchison's, A.R.S.A., life-size 'Roman Dancing Girl,' her head quite naturally, but not pleasantly, bent forward, is all that can be desired in modelling of the figure, and the drapery flows very simply and softly. His 'Young Roman' is noble in feeling, with power and tenderness too. Mr. Ewing is scarcely up to the mark this year, but his subjects are up to the mark this year, but his subjects are not very favourable. Mr. Woolner contributes two busts; a very impressive one of Lord Ashtwo busts; a very impressive one of Lord Ashburton, and another of Thomas Carlyle, which,
of course, is a strong likeness, though any power
of thought or expression in the face is almost
necessarily lost in "chiselmanship." Mr. George
MacCallum's bust of David Bryce, Esq., sen.,
the leading architect of Scotland, shows a vigour
in the modelling, and a grasp of character, which
speak well for his future eminence. His small
statue of Miss Tennant is very beautiful in the
treatment of the head, and admirably skilful in
drapery. Two marble statues by Tenerani, of
Rome, 'The Genius of Fishing,' and 'The
Genius of the Chase,' the last best, are on the
whole rather clumsy and unideal.

And so must end our notes, most necessarily
imperfect as a review of nearly a thousand works
of Art; and we have written of set purpose
rather to extol merit than to scoff at weakness
and failure. burton, and another of Thomas Carlyle, which,

BIRMINGHAM " " " " WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

"Forward" is the motto of the town of Birmingham, and in Art as in manufactures its denizens seem determined to lead. The Local Society of Artists connected therewith has this year essayed a spring exhibition confined to the display of water-colour drawings only. Even the brightest dreams of the projectors have been surpassed; promises of assistance came in abundance, and the large room of the society, at first intended to contain the collection, was found inadequate to accommodate the works sent; the result is, all the rooms have been thrown open and filled with contributions from thrown open and filled with contributions from 253 artists, architects, and amateurs; the united number of examples being 736. The Exhibition may be said to illustrate the history and progress of water-colour Art in this country from days of deep neutral tint, colour-wash and cool greys, down to those of the present time, when brilliancy is enhanced by water-colour glazings, greys, down to those of the present time, when brilliancy is enhanced by water-colour glazings, and lights are put on by means of body-colour. This f-xhibition appears to be a neutral ground on which the new and old water-colour societies of London, &c., have met, and in it will be found many of the best works which have been hung on their walls. Private collectors have been liberal, artists have been willing, and the result is a collection of water-colour drawings equal to that of the Manchester. Art Treasures in 1857, the English, department of the International Exhibition of the Fine Arts in Paris in 1855, and but little inferior to the in Paris in 1855, and but little inferior to the assemblage of the same class of works in the Exhibition of 1862.

Exhibition of 1862.
Our limited space will only admit of a brief allusion to a few of the more prominent works in the Exhibition. The chief and great picture of the collection is undoubtedly, the absorbed by the collection of the model of the collection of the co relieved by storm, cloud, and "lit" up in front with light which only a Turner could produce. Can this be the picture of which Ruskin says "he failed very signally in a large and most "he failed very signally in a large and most laboured drawing of Bamborough?" If so, such failures are very glorious, to be imitated and coveted. "Windermere" by the same artist, shows the lake and the "pikes" of Langdale, with its other surroundings, converted into an English "Vale of Tempe" bathed in golden sun-light, such as Cuyp, if he had attempted, would light, such as Cuyp, if he had attempted, would have failed to accomplish. The late David Cox is well represented by numerous contributions which, while they are all illustrative of his style at various periods, it may be questioned whether all do him credit. Of these, however, are not 'Lancaster Sands,' 'The Red House, Battersea,' 'The Peat Gatherers,' 'The Edge of the Forest,' two drawings of 'Fort Rouge,' nor that very charming drawing of 'Calais Pier,' in the sea of which there is motion, and in its movements it evolves the smell of the salt sea brine Clarkson Stanfield is represented by a 'Fort Rouge,' cool, calm, and very by a 'Fort Rouge,' cool, calm, and very truthful. Vicat Cole has a 'Harvesting' very true to nature, the grain faithfully rendered, its rich brown yellow made richer by contrast with the purple heath-covered rising ground and the foliage of the noble tree which rises out of the standing wheat. A considerable amount of the effect is due to opaque body-colour, an element in which the amount of the effect is due to opaque bodycolour, an element in which the magnificent
tending to pretty 'Return of Spring,' by
Warren, is chiefly dependent for its detail;
with this objection, hypercritical indeed would
the critic be who could find a fault with a
work which contains such an amount of detail
which is truth itself. It is 'Spring,' and we
list to hear the notes of the bird which tells of
coming summer. Of, J. Brett we have two coming summer. Of J. Brett we have two examples, 'November in the Isle of Wight,' too literal, and a dream-like vision of 'The Bay of Naples,' shadowy, but minute. E. H. Corbould's illustration from the 'Idylls of the king,' is exceeding in the 'Idylls of the king,' is exceeding the content of the Idylls of the king,' is exceeding the Idylls of the Corough s intestration from the layins of the King' is exceeding rich in colour, but it scarce realises the word-picture of Tennyson it is intended to illustrate. Birket Foster has two landscapes delightfully worked out, full of

detail, and charming in colour. G. Cattermole is well represented by subjects in his own particular walk: he, however, contributes a sketch 'After the Wreck,' with true a sea-waves showing his ability to deal with another element than that which he introduces in his ordinary works. Lewis Haghe is represented by the 'Interior of his 'Studio,' and a glocmy, but grand 'Interior of St. Anne, Bruges.' The artist who painted. The Presentation in the Temple,' would do well in future to retain in his portfolio for purposes of reference only his 'Autumn Afternoon,' Downs,' and 'Sea Mists.' Old William Hunt is represented by a characteristic group. of 'Wayfarers,' 'A Cottage Girl, 'Fruit, and a 'Hedge Bank with Primroses,' the last two very truthful, rivalling Primroses, the last two very truthful, rivalling nature; the others bold and true.

nature; the others bold and true.

T. S. Cooper has some 'Cattle Pieces,' and a 'Group of Sheep,' which maintain his reputation; tis, however, perilled by the excellent, faithful representation of the last-named animals introduced in 'A Hampshire Lane Scene,' by G. Shalders. The sketches of 'Horses' and Shalders. The sketches of 'Horses' and 'Cattle,' by Frederick Tayler, are more truthful, because less conventional, than his finished pictures; of 'Deer, Stalkers,' and 'Waiting for the Duke.'- J. Nash sends illustrative Interiors of Old English Manaions, painfully literal and true, much beholden to the drawing-pen, of Old English Mansions, painfully literal and true,, much beholden to the drawing-pen, square, and opaque white for their making out. Colling wood Smith contributes liberally marine-subjects. G. Fripp sends a few quiet river scenes, cleverly manipulated. J. D. Harding is but imperfectly represented. For "the light of other days," as regards water-colour, there is a solitary example of Paul Sandby; the bright colour has fled, the neutral tint alone remains. Further examples of the nast in bright colour has fled, the neutral tint alone remains. Further examples of the past in water-colours are—' Boats on the Beach,' by W. Havell, and the solemnly grand and powerful drawings, 'Corn-field and Reapers,' and 'A' River Scene,' by De Wint; while the breadth, force, and legitimate use of water-colour is nowhere better exemplified than in 'Boats, on the River,' and 'Vessels at Anction,' aby Prout. We notice, too, works by Absolon; Chalon, Haag, J. L. Pettit, Manning, Penley, Redgrave; Richardson, Woolnoth, Gastineau, Callow,' Cooke, J. B. Pyne, Riviere, Stark, and Weir, Mrs. J. B. Pyne, Riviere, Stark, and Weir. Mrs. Waterhouse Hawkins, Mrs. W. Oliver, &c., are also contributors. The local artists and amateurs have come out in great force; among many other works contributed by an amateur, many other works contributed by an amateur, R. S. Chattock, a 'Winter Afternoon,' is a work which would do credit to an artist of very high standing. The mantles of David Cox would seem to have descended on Mr. William Roberts (also an amateur), nor has the return of eighty springs rendered tremulous his hand, nor dimmed his eye, to either artistic beauty or freedom of greaters. artistic beauty or freedom of execution. F. H. Henshaw sends numerous works, broader in touch than his "oils," but somewhat lacking touch than his "oils," but somewhat lacking the transparency of water-colour works. C. W. Rateliff, J. Steeple, E. Everitt, and A. E. Everitt, C. R. Aston, H. and H. S. Baker, Sebastian Evans, Valter, P. and A. Deakin, are contributors. A galaxy of lady exhibitors also appears, led on by Miss Steeple, who, by the way, paints so promisingly, that we feel indired to hint a greater traction. way, paints so promisingly, that we feel inclined to hint a greater attention to breadth of effect, would be to ber advantage, and the attempt to rival photographic minuteness of detail will result in failure; to indicate rather than express should be her aim. Mrs. Ashford, the Misses Osborne, Martin, Rofe, Stamps, Vernon, send works of greater and less degrees of pacit, chiefly flower pieces.

Vernon, send works of greater and less degrees of merit, chiefly flower pieces.

'Architectural contributions are sent by Street, Johnson, Thomason, Holmes, Donaldson, Nisbet, Bateman, &c. Something more than a mere word of commendation is due to Mr. A. E. Everitt, the Honorary Secretary; while the "hangers" have done their work well

In conclusion, we may say that rarely indeed In conclusion, we may say that rarely indeed in the provinces, and occasionally only in London, have we seen any exhibition so completely illustrative of the water-colour Art of this country, its rise, progress, and present position, than that opened in Birmingham, which we have visited with pleasure.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE T. E. PLINT, ESQ., LEEDS.

> PAOLO AND FRANCESCA DA RIMINI J. Noel Paton, R.S.A., Painter. R. Graves, A.R.A., Engraver.

DANTE'S "Inferno" has suggested the DANTE'S "Inferno" has suggested the subject of this picture. "Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, a lady of great beauty and elegance, became the wife of Lancelot, son of Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, a man of merit, but deformed in person. The accomplishments of Paolo, a relative of her husband, were unhappily placed in too striking contrast with the defects of the latter. Francesca became an unfaithful wife, and being surprised in the company by the injured Lancelot. of her paramour by the injured Lancelot, they were both slain on the spot with a single blow." - In the fifth canto of the poem, Dante and his companion Virgil encounter the unhappy pair in the internal regions; the former inquires of Francescr the cause of her being with her lover in the place of the doomed. 'She replies.'

Than to recall, amid some deep distress.

Our happier time.

"Some a day, when we for pastime read of Lancelot, thow love snared him to ruin: We were alone, nor knew suspicious dread.

Oft in that reading paused our eyes, renewing.

Their glance, and from our cheeks the colour started, and the colour started, and the colour started.

DAYMAN'S Trun

These lines are the key to Mr. Paton's rhese lines are the key to hir. Fatons very beautiful composition, one that shows not only the artist's skill as a painter, but his poetic imagination also; it is, so to speak, a reminiscence of Italian life in the middle ages. Francesca herself partially describes it:

"The land where I was born sits by the main Where Po, declining to the broad sea-brink, Yearneth for peace with all his urgent train

Seated on a raised slab of marble in a kind of wild luxuriant garden, the lovers—she with her arm resting on his shoulder are reading together, out of a ponderous volume, on a lovely summer's evening, the tale that lured them to their ruin.

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night; Sunset divides the sky with her,"

and brings out in strong relief the distant range of hills and the tall cypress-trees. range of hills and the tall cypress-tres.

Exquisitely soft and lovely is the face of

Francesca, radiant with the subdued

brilliancy of the sun low down in the

horizon; innocent, too, is it, as if no

unhallowed thought could find entrance into so fair and pure an exterior. Noble and manly is the form of Paolo, a statuesque picture clothed in ample folds of drapery; graceful as if modelled by some sculptor of old Greece. His head-dress is, no doubt, true to the costume of the period, and is certainly picturesque, but it looks heavy, and, consequently, gives undue weight to the upper part of the figure; we should This have preferred the head uncovered. to our mind, is the only objectionable passage in a picture worthy of the immortal poem that gave birth to it; and which is so full of subject-matter for painters who have the discernment to discover it, and the genius to represent it worthilly. Dorésillustrations of the "Inferno" are great works, but we look with more pleasure on such "readings" as Mr. Paton's.

* Note to Dayman's Translation of the Inferno.
† Lancelot du Lac, perhaps the most distinguished of the Round Table Knights, was the lover of Ginerra, Arthaqueen, Their adventures formed the subject of marounances by the poets of the chivalric age.— Mem.



was made at Stamford, Lincolnshire. It is
the topmost cut in the third column of the
preceding page. It was found in the process
of enlarging a stone-pit in the parish of
Castle Bytham. It is described by Mr.
Akerman, in his "Pagan Saxondom," as
a ring fibula, of white metal, gilt, in very
excellent preservation, and set with four
gums, closely resembling carbuncles. An
irregular interlacing pattern is worked over
the whole front surface, but it is perfectly
plain behind." This author is inclined to
think that it has a Scandinavian character,
and favours the supposition that its owner

think that it has a Scandinavian character, and favours the supposition that its owner was a Danish lady.

This supposition seems borne out by the researches of Dr. Davis, in his interesting ethnographical sketch of the various ancient populations who have invaded and inhabited Anglia in pre-historic times, prefixed to that very valuable work, the "Crania Britannica." He is of opinion



that about the time of Casar, the popula-tion of our island throughout the northern and midland counties was derived from the tribes of Jutland and North Ger-many, and that the southern portions of the island were exclusively filled by the Saxon

immigrants.

A fibula of a very peculiar form is found in these northern counties in great abundance. We give an example on the present page, the central upper figure. It is of bronze, and was found at Driffield, Yorkshire, in the grave of a female. Sometimes these fibulæ are richly ornamented with interlaced patterns, and heads of strange birds and animals. They are then generally gilt, and have been found of enormous size, eight inches in length by ax in breadth. I imagine these very large brooches fastened the heavy outer cloak, the smaller being used for lighter

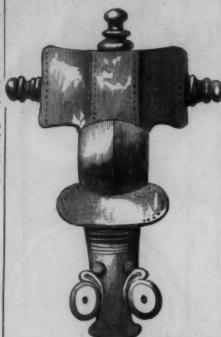
being used for lighter portions of the dress.

The ordinary form of brooch worn by the humbler classes is shown in the two specimens at the commencement of this chapter; both are of bronze, with very

chapter; both are of bronze, with very alight attempt at ornament, and were found by labourers employed in repairing the road on the line of the Watling Street, about a mile from the Romano-British settlement at Cesterover, between Benaford Bridge and the road leading from Rugby to Lutterworth.

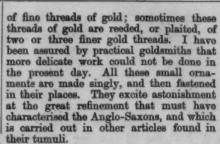
Two specimens of the circular fibulae of

the southern Anglo-Saxons are given on each side of this page. They were both found in Kent, where the wealthiest and most refined Saxons were located. It is



curious to note how completely in design and execution they resemble such as are found in South Germany. In the Augsburg Museum are some identical in design and execution with Kentish specimens in the Mayer Museum at Liverpool. They appear as if made by the same workmen.

These fibulæ were generally much enriched on the upper surface. A soft enamel, or alices of pearl (which have generally perished), probably filled the outer rim in our first specimen; the centre is here raised, and is formed of pearl, in the centre of which is a garnet, and slices of garnet are cut to fit the triangular ornaments; to give them greater brilliancy, they are laid on a thin piece of gold foil. The second speci-



their tumuli.

I shall conclude by a description of the Anglo-Saxon pins; a group found in Kent is the lowermost cut on page 141. The first specimen is of the simplest design, with no attempt at ornament, except the double cross roughly incised in the bronze. The middle pin, on the contrary, is one of the finest kind; the head is ornamented with jowellery and goldsmith's work, the stem is of bronze. The pin beside it is of silver



gilt, the centre decorated with a raised garnet. I have placed in front of them a very remarkable specimen of a double pin, connected by a chain, exactly similar to such as were universally fashionable a few years ago. Though fashion may be "ever changing," it is not "ever new."

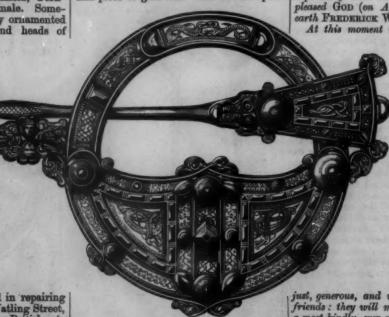
[This is the last contribution we can receive I has as the lass contribution we can receive from an author to whose aid we have been indebted—nearly month after month—during a period of more than twenty-five years. It pleased GOD (on April 3) to remove from earth FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT.

At this moment we find it impossible to

write the memoir that

write the memoir that must appear in these pages, and postpone the duty for a month. His death deprives us not only of a valuable auxiliary in the conduct of this Journal, but of a beloved friend; one who was in all ways estimable. Few writers of our time have done morethan hedidwith the pencil and the pen—to convey information; sometimes on abstruse subjects, but always in an attractive always in an attractive and popular form; while Death has taken no man into another

no man into another sphere whose life on earth was more entirely just, generous, and upright. He had many friends: they will mourn his loss as that of a most kindly, ever-ready, and always useful aid in their labours, for his information was most extensive; and he was always at hand to direct inquirers to authorities.—ED. A.-J.]



men is of more elaborate design; the use of garnet is again apparent, but the spaces between the jewellery are filled with a double row of incurvated ornaments, made

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF PHOTOGRAPHIC LENSES.

BY THOMAS SUTTON, B.A. EDITOR OF "PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTES."

Photography is so closely allied to the Fine Arts, that a sketch of the history of the improvements which have been made from time to time in photographic lenses, including a description of the latest and greatest improvement of all, viz., Mr. Ross's new Doublet lens, may not be unacceptable to readers of the Art-Journal.

There is this difference between photographic lenses, and those used in the microscope, telescope, and most other optical instruments, viz., that they are required to embrace a much wider field of view. For instance, in the microscope, or telescope,

instance, in the microscope, or telescope, an angle of only a very few degrees is in-cluded at most, and sometimes even less cluded at most, and sometimes even less than one degree; while it generally happens that a photographic lens is required to include from twenty to eighty degrees, or even more. Hence, on the discovery of the new art of photography, in the year 1839, a want was immediately felt for suitable lenses with which to project the optical image of the object to be copied upon the chemically prepared tablet that had been rendered sensitive to light.

A little consideration will show that there

A little consideration will show that there are two distinct problems to be solved by the optician who manufactures photographic lenses. The first problem will be to construct a lens for portraiture, which shall give a very brilliant image, not necessarily including a wider field of view than twenty including a wider field of view than twenty or thirty degrees; and the second problem will be to construct a lens for views, which shall give an undistorted image, including a wide field of view, with equality of illumination rather than extreme brilliancy, and with good definition to the extreme edges and corners of the picture. In the portrait lens the aperture must be large in proportion to the focal length, in order to reduce as much as possible the time of pose, and secure a pleasing expression in the face of as much as possible the time of pose, and secure a pleasing expression in the face of the sitter; and in this case the problem is, to correct spherical aberration in a large central pencil. In the view lens, on the contrary, a long exposure is of less consequence, and therefore the problem becomes, to secure great width of field, equality of illumination, and freedom from distortion; spherical aberration being sufficiently reduced by means of a small diaphram. In both cases it is also desirable that the lens be achromatic, or "actinic," as it is now called, in order to ensure the coincidence of a large number of chemical rays in the same focus as that of the luminous rays, by which the image is rendered visible upon the focusing screen.

the focusing screen.

The new problems to be solved by opticians, on the discovery of the art of photography twenty-six years ago, were therefore by no means simple ones, and it is not surprising that they should have received a rather tardy solution. The remark, however, applies chiefly to the long used a rather tardy solution. The remark, however, applies chiefly to the lens used in landscape photography; for, curiously enough, the form of portrait lens originally devised by Professor Petzval, of Vienna, still holds its ground. It may be seen at any optician's; and as no history is connected with it beyond what has just been said, it is unnecessary to describe it here. It is an inferior instrument for taking views, because, even with a very small diaphram, the field has too much curvature to suit an included angle of more than about thirty-

five degrees. It is, however, frequently used for taking instantaneous views which do not include a wide angle. As soon as the photographic chemist shall discover the means of greatly increasing the sensitiveness of a photographic plate, the old Petzval portrait lens will be laid upon the shelf.

The history of the improvements which have been made from time to time, but more particularly within the last seven years, in photographic view lenses, is, however, much more interesting and instructive. It is curious to observe, from our present point of view, how contented photographers appear to have been for many years with little bits of a picture, possessing rarely any artistic merit as regards composition; and how little they troubled themselves about the light and the definition falling off rapidly towards the margin, and selves about the light and the definition falling off rapidly towards the margin, and about the distortion of the marginal lines. So little, in fact, did they trouble themselves at first about these defects, that they almost came to be considered inherent in the photographic process itself, and altogether unavoidable; while even to this day the artistic element in photography, and the artistic education of its votaries, are things more neglected than they ought to be. more neglected than they ought to be.

The earliest form of view lens was an achromatic meniscus, having a stop placed in front, as shown in Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.

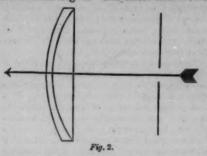
The front surface of this lens was for a number of years, and until quite lately, made nearly flat, instead of deeply hollow, as it ought to have been. The deep menisas it ought to have been. The deep menis-cus was suggested, about two years ago, by myself, and the theory of it was clearly established in some articles of mine on the subject which appeared in Photographic Notes, of February 15 and March 1, 1864, and February 1, 1865.* The effect of the deep front hollow in flattening the field and reducing distortion is something marvellous; for a deep reprisens is found to and reducing distortion is something marvellous; for a deep meniscus is found to include a field of view half as wide again as a plano-convex lens. Since my articles were published, Mr. Dallmeyer, of London, has patented a deep meniscus lens, having the same outward form as that which I suggested, but composed of three cemented lenses instead of two. After carefully testing this arrangement, I am satisfied that it is not so good as the other; and Mr. Roes is of the same opinion.

Another form of meniscus, which has

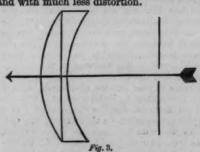
of the same opinion.

Another form of meniscus, which has been known to opticians for fifty years, was patented by Mr. Grubb, of Dublin, in 1858. He called it the APLANATIC lens—for no good reason that I could ever discover. It has the same outward form as the original meniscus, being nearly flat in front; but it is achromatised differently. The central pencil is rather better corrected than in the old form of meniscus, but the oblique pencils are not so good; the marginal definition is therefore worse, and the distortion is no better. On the whole, this lens is a worse instrument than that which it was intended to supersede, and no one

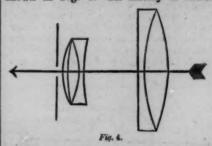
has cared to dispute the validity of the patent. It is shown in Fig. 2; my deep meniscus in Fig. 3. The latter lens covers



a field half as wide again as the aplanatic, and with much less distortion.



The Orthoscopic, or orthographic lens, next claims attention. It was found that the ordinary single view lens gave excessive barrel-shaped distortion of lines near the barrel-shaped distortion of lines near the margin of the picture, and the orthoscopic lens was intended to remedy that evil, as well as to flatten the field. The merits of well as to flatten the field. The merits of this new invention are discussed in an original paper published by the late Mr. Andrew Ross, in *Photographic Notes* for August 1, 1858. The image formed by this lens is not, however, quite free from distortion, as its name would seem to imply, for the marginal lines, instead of being barrel-shaped, as before, are bent in the opposite direction, like the sides of a pincushion. The form of this combination is shown in Fig. 4. Its history is rather



amusing. About the year 1840, Professor Petzyal devised two forms of portrait lens, one of which was adopted, and the other rejected. The rejected form lay upon the shelf for seventeen years, when it was discovered, by accident, that by putting a diaphram against the back lens, it made an excellent combination for views.

About the time of the introduction of the

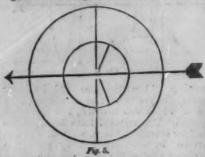
About the time of the introduction of the About the time of the introduction of the orthoscopic view lens, photographers began to call out loudly for an instrument which should give a strictly correct and undistorted image of the object. Mr. Rothwell, who kept a small chandler's shop at Manchester, was the first to suggest a solution of this problem; and he proposed to employ a pair of equal achromatic plano-convex lenses, placed at a suitable distance apart, with their flat sides inwards, and a small diaphram midway between them. This combination certainly cured distortion, but it gave such excessive curvature of the image, and such bad marginal definition, as to be useless. Had that gentleman suggested a pair of equal deep menisci, instead of place-convex lenses, the solution would be a hard complete. But that find

suggested a pair of equal deep menisoi, instead of plano-convex lenses, the solution would have been complete. But that final improvement was reserved for Mr. Thomas Ross to make, some years afterwards.

In order to remedy the evils existing in Mr. Rothwell's combination, I suggested to opticians to place a small concave lens within the aperture of the diaphram. This had the desired effect of greatly flattening the field, and improving the marginal definition. To this compound I gave the name SYMMETRICAL TRIPLET; and a paper which I wrote concerning it was read at the meeting of the British Association in 1859. About a year before that time, I had suggested to the late Mr. Andrew Ross, that an unsymmetrical triplet might be made on the same principles, provided the stop was so placed between the lenses as to divide the space between them in the ratio of their focal lengths. Mr. Dallmeyer, the son-in-law of Mr. Ross, adopted that suggestion of mine a year or two afterwards, and at the International Exhibition of 1862 obtained a medal for the "invention" of a triplet constructed on that principle. One

of mine a year or two afterwards, and at the International Exhibition of 1862 obtained a medal for the "invention" of a triplet constructed on that principle. One of the jurors on that occasion, Dr. Diamond, was the editor of the Journal of the Photographic Society; and in order to establish my own claim to the invention, I sent him for insertion in his journal a photo-lithographic copy of my letter to Mr. Dallmeyer's father-in-law; but he refused to insert it except as an advertisement, in which form it actually appeared!

Still, however, the craving for a wide angle of view remained unsatisfied, until, by a singular chance, I got an idea, which ended in my inventing and patenting, in the year 1859, an entirely new lens, previously unknown to optical science, which would include more than double the angle of view that any other lens would, and that with perfect freedom from distortion, and with as good definition at the extreme edges as at the centre of the enormous field covered. This strange instrument is nothing more than a thick spherical shell of glass, having its interior filled with water, and fitted with a central diaphram of a new and curious form, in order to equalise the illumination of the image. It is shown in and curious form, in order to equalise the illumination of the image. It is shown in Fig. 5. A description of it was read, and

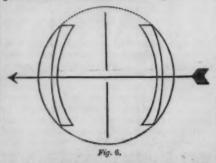


the lens itself exhibited, as well as some pictures taken by it, at the meeting of the British Association in 1860. The pictures, however, which this lens takes, must be either upon a cylindrical surface, or the interior of a spherical bowl, and not upon flat plates. It is perfectly achromatic, and has a focal length of about three times its radius. I was led to this invention by observing one evening, in my study, the that plates. It is perfectly achromatic, and has a focal length of about three times its radius. I was led to this invention by observing one evening, in my study, the images of two candles at the opposite sides of the room, formed simultaneously by a glass globe filled with water. The mode of achromatising such a vessel symmetrically into quite symmetrical, the corrections are better carried out than in the globe lens, and it is, in every respect, a superior instrument to that—in fact, the best view-lens now in existence. It covers a field includance in general contraction in the globe lens, and it is, in every respect, a superior instrument to that—in fact, the best view-lens now in existence. It covers a field includance in general contraction in the globe lens, and it is, in every respect, a superior instrument to that—in fact, the best view-lens now in existence. It covers a field includance in general contraction in the globe lens, and it is, in every respect, a superior instrument to that—in fact, the best view-lens now in existence. It covers a field includance in general contraction in the globe lens, and it is, in every respect, a superior instrument to that—in fact, the best view-lens now in existence. It covers a field includance in general contraction in the globe lens, and it is, in every respect, a superior instrument to that—in fact, the best view-lens now in existence. It covers a field includance in general contraction in the globe lens, and it is, in every respect, a superior instrument to that—in fact, the best view-lens now in existence.

soon occurred to me, and then followed, but not so readily, the invention of the equalising diaphram. The best panoramic views that I have yet seen taken with this lens, are some of Cintra, by Mr. Munro, of Lisbon. They are very perfect, and measure about 20 by 9 inches, and include about ninety degrees of angle on the base line. I have not myself found the slightest difficulty in working with this lens, either difficulty in working with this lens, either upon glass cylinders or bowls, and the definition cannot be surpassed; it will bear microscopic examination up to the extreme edges of the field.

In order to obviate the use of water in the interior or my spherical lens, Mr. Harrison, optician, of New York, after procuring one of my panoramic lenses from me.

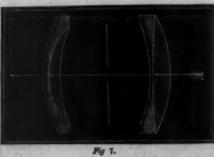
rison, optician, of New York, after procuring one of my panoramic lenses from me, set to work to try to improve upon it. His experiments ended in the production of a lens, spherical in its exterior form, and having a central diaphram, but formed by two very deep achromatic menisci. This instrument, to the surprise of most people who heard of it, gave an extremely wide flat field. It was called the Globe lens, and is to this day extensively used in America, though not in Europe. I had the pleasure of trying one of these instruments as soon as the invention was published, and was much pleased with its performance. It is shown in Fig. 6.



A little consideration convinced me that the marvellous flattening of the field by the globe lens was due, not to its spherical form, but to the action of a hollow surface upon a pencil of rays incident upon it obliquely; and I set to work, as soon as a convenient opportunity offered, to investigate the theory of this very curious effect— one with which opticians were not pre-viously familiar. The whole investigation will be found in my *Photographic Notes* for February 1, 1865, p. 30.

The next and most recent invention in

view-lenses for flat plates is due to Mr. Thomas Ross. It is called the DOUBLET, and consists of two achromatic deep menisci (see Fig. 7). In this instrument, which is



of illumination and entire freedom from distortion. A magnificent series of views, taken by Mr. Frith last summer in Switzerland, and which have been exhibited at meetings of all the leading photographic societies, are convincing proofs of the wonders that this new lens can accomplish in ders that this new lens can accomplish in the hands of a clever artist. The series consists of about two hundred subjects, bound in three volumes, quarto size, the views being about 10 by 8 inches, and the equivalent focal length of the lens about 7 inches, so that the included angle is over seventy degrees. They can be seen by any one who will call on Mr. Ross, at his lens manufactory, in Featherstone Buildings. Every landscape painter should make a point of examining for himself this very splendid set of photographs, for they are the finest things that have yet been produced by the art of photography in delineating natural scenery. I may also add that the doublet lens answers equally well for copying purposes; and I have now befor copying purposes; and I have now be-fore me two elaborate maps of France, as

fore me two elaborate maps of France, as well as some copies of engravings, made by this lens, which are as perfect in every respect as if pulled from the engraved plate in the printing press.

A lens has been lately introduced by Herr Steinheil, of Munich, called the "Periskop." It is nothing more than a cheap substitute for Ross's doublet, being composed of a pair of single deep menisci. posed of a pair of single deep menisci, made of crown glass. It is not, therefore, corrected either for chromatic or spherical aberration, and good definition can aberration, and good definition can only be obtained by means of a very small stop. The Periskop lens has lately been patented in this country; but it is quite an old story, for so long ago as 1842, Mr. Thomas Ross used one of his own make for taking Daguerreotype pictures; and I had that very instrument in my hands six years ago; so that the validity of Herr Steinheil's patent for this country rests on a rather insecure foundation. It is not improbable that the Periskop lens may become popular with such photographic amateurs as do not

that the Periskop lens may become popular with such photographic amateurs as do not care to treat themselves to the better and more expensive doublet.

The purchaser of any double combination must be careful to see that it is properly mounted; for unless the edges of the lenses are screened from the light by a blackened annulus of metal, there will be a round spot of diffused light in the centre of the picture. The lenses of the two best English makers, Ross and Dallmeyer, are free from makers, Ross and Dallmeyer, are free from

this defect.

Such is a brief history of the improvements that have from time to time been made in photographic view-lenses. The defects observed in the early photographs of natural scenery, viz., narrowness of the field of view, distortion, and bad marginal definition, need exist no longer, since photographers have now the Ross doublet for the plates and way compared to the process. flat plates, and my own panoramic lens (also made by Ross, who has purchased the patent) for more comprehensive views, upon cylinders or bowls. The old forms of mepatent) for more comprehensive views, upon cylinders or bowls. The old forms of memiscus ought to be totally condemned, and the orthoscopic and triplet lenses to be banished with them. As for the deep meniscus, the doublet includes that, because its front lens is actually the best possible of that form, and it may be unscrewed and used separately. The shallow meniscus, the aplanatic, the orthoscopic, the triplet, and the globe, may now be considered things of the past. The doublet lens for flat plates, and the panoramic lens for curved ones, are all that a photographic artist requires, either for landscape or for copying purposes. for copying purposes.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

FORTY-THIRD EXHIBITION.

This "Suffolk Street Exhibition" is passed over in silence by some of our contemporaries as incorrigible. They can only see upon these walls, year after year, the same melancholyarray of ambitious, meretricious, and slovenly works. They imagine that this Society now exists not for the sake of Art, as Art, but in the interests of members who elsewhere might fail to obtain for vast and vacant canvases a place, a public, or a purchaser. We, however, for several reasons, shall continue to take a different course. We shall persist in bestowing upon this gallery a fair share of criticism, partly because we have always desired to partly because we have always desired to make our pages a record of Art-transactions; also because we do not see that the silent contempt which some writers maintain is the course most likely to lead to desired reformation. Outspoken criticism has, be-fore now, proved itself to be a wholesome castigation for various kinds of offenders, and we are not yet prepared to say that the Suffolk Street Society has entered on a dotage beyond the reach of recovery. Furthermore, it were indeed hard if the thousand works here assembled did not contain a certain per-centage of pictures which either deserve encomium, or call for encouragement. Therefore, though the task of criticism is here more than usually painful, we do not think it right to shrink from the duty. Of some works, however, which disfigure these walls, we shall not attempt

disfigure these walls, we shall not attempt to speak. Such crying enormities may indeed be left to an avenging Nemesis.

It is a misfortune that large rooms sometimes are taken as a justification for vast pictures, and if size could constitute success, the honourable members of Suffolk Street were certainly entitled to pre-eminent position. This Gallery is great in shipwrecks, speaking metaphorically as well as literally; it is illustrious also in history; it is brilliant likewise in panoramic display wrecks, speaking metaphorically as literally; it is illustrious also in history; it is brilliant likewise in panoramic display of landscapes. Let us commence with the figure pieces. Mr. Hurlstone, the President, used to be the acknowledged Murillo of "Pall Mall East," but of late he has been wearing the mantle of Byron. And so, instead of dirty children lying in the streets of Seville, we are favoured, on a canvas of noble proportions, with two a canvas of noble proportions, with two Byronic characters, 'Gulnare,' a lady who, "when soft, could feel, and when incensed, could dare;" and cruel 'Seyd,' carrying "rage in his eye, and threats in his adieu!" We are sorry that Mr. Hurlstone should sacrifice himself in paying tribute to his subject. A painter less conscientious might scarcely have felt himself bound to interpret the poet's text by fustian and melodrama. The picture is thrown off with a rough and The picture is thrown off with a rough and ready brush, a mode of execution which Mr. Hurlstone requests us to accept as symbolic of the true Byronic manner. Why does not this painter disport his genius on some other poet? The murder of Desdemona would suit him precisely. The visitor will probably pass by the works of W. Gill, S. Hayes, P. Levin, J. Noble, W. Salter, W. Shayer, and J. C. Ward. These gentlemen, as time-honoured members of the Society, occupy a distinguished position upon the walls, as well as in the catalogue. catalogue.

About the merits of one picture at least there can be little question. 'Passion and Patience,' by E. C. Barnes, is intended to excite sensation. The subject arises out of a domestic incident which, with advan-

tage, involves enigma and mystery. The story seems to be this: an impulsive young lady, personating "passion," has just thrown her love letters, torn in a thousand thrown her love letters, torn in a thousand pieces, upon the ground. An old crone, who stands behind the chair, awaits the dénouement unmoved. The postillion, as "patience," the best character in the piece, suggested possibly by certain grotesque figures of Mr. Marks, yawns away in the background the weary hours. The story has been told with point, and the picture is polished into pleasant smoothness, and suffused with agreeable harmony of colour. It requires, however, in many of its passuffused with agreeable harmony of colour. It requires, however, in many of its passages, closer study and more thorough working out. For example, the drapery which falls over the lady's lap is neither well painted nor well cast. Mr. Barnes exhibits another clever work, 'The Balcony.' This artist's success is in his own hands; still closer study will secure for his talents triumph.

Many a reputation has been lost in Suf-

Many a reputation has been lost in Suf-folk Street, yet, on the other hand, there folk Street, yet, on the other hand, there seems no reason why, in these handsome rooms, distinction should not be won. Several artists, indeed, may be mentioned, who are in a fair way for honour. We meet for the first time a young painter, F. Holl, jun., who, if we mistake not, is marked by coming fame. His two pictures have the advantage—rare in this gallery at least—of being small, but they are brimfull of the character which comes of thought and intent. The one 'A Rouof thought and intent. The one, 'A Bouof thought and intent. The one, 'A Boulogne Fish-Girl,' is of a subdued and suggestive quietism; the colours are broken and tertiary, as in the Faed and the Scottish school. The other bearing the title 'Is it a Purse or a Coffin?' though in execution scarcely so complete, is of intent more express. A live coal flies out of the fire at the feet of a starved and ragged outcast. "A purse or a coffin" has indeed come for this child of misfortune to be a desperate alternative. The picture has desperate alternative. The picture has character, simplicity, and pathos. Young Weekes wants a new idea; his clever little pictures are repeated, with but little change, from exhibition to exhibition. We shall wait to see what he will do for the Academy; we trust that he has been holding his wait to see what he will do for the Academy; we trust that he has been holding his powers in reserve for a master effort. C.S. Lidderdale extends, as we hoped, the repertoire of his subjects. He has exchanged England for Spain, and though scarcely as yet at home in the new country, he gains fresh ideas and further opportunity of proving his powers. Mr. Lidderdale's two Spanish heads are painted with his usual care and precision, though the quality of the work is not quite so good as that which we have been accustomed to extol in the artist's home studies. J. Hayllar is another or our rising artists who has worked rather we have been accustomed to extol in the artist's home studies. J. Hayllar is another or our rising artists who has worked rather hard a few favourite ideas. He had presumed rather too long upon success, and wanted change and the wider range which comes of travel. Apparently he has taken a tour in Italy, and here we have one or two of the minor spoils. 'A Venetian Well,' with a girl beside it decked in the impudent little hat worn by water-carriers, affords the painter opportunity for display of the piquant manner and dexterous touch wherein he delights. 'La Saltarella,' a subject no less felicitous than hacknied, has the rapid movement that gives life to the dance; the lines of composition are skilful. But the artist must have had much confidence in the merits of his work, to venture to call to so sketchy a canvas public scrutiny. Mrs. Margaret Robbinson seeks applause for a picture of power and colour, 'Straw-rope making in the High-

lands; the work tells more by its general effect than by its individual truth and detailed study. The background certainly is too heavy, and crowds upon the figures. In the list of praiseworthy pictures to which these spacious rooms give fair opportunity of gaining appreciation, must not be forgotten the Portrait of a Lady, by G. Earl. This equestrian figure is almost the only example in the gallery of a high and courtly style of portraiture. Were it not for lamentable poverty in colour, and a certain chalkiness and opacity of surface, this picture would take a first rank. There is a canvas crowded with 'The French Army of 1812,' painted by a Pole, J. Sucholowski by name, that really deserves more attention than it ever will receive. The figures, which may be counted by thousands, seem carefully studied. But the treatment is hard and dry, and the subject repulsive. We trust the artist can afford to wait for posthumous fame. posthumous fame.

posthumous fame.

It has long been the privilege of Suffolk Street to offer a retreat to the expiring Muse of History, both sacred and profane. 'Job in his Prosperity,' by C. J. Staniland, 'Job in his Adversity,' by A. A. Hunt, and 'A Patriarchal Court of Justice,' by F. Oakes, are characteristic examples of an Art which has long been moribund. Such efforts, though well meant, are melancholy on many accounts. Disappointment—and on many accounts. Disappointment—and the heart aches of hope deferred—must, we fear, in the end break down the not altogether ignoble aspirations for fame which fire such students in the outset. The greatest kindness, however, may sometimes come in the form of early discouragement. this not often that pictures of just this quality can be seen. Such works, of course, could never gain the light in the Royal Academy, and it is only through such an exhibition as Suffolk Street that we can learn what noble deeds the great unknown in the royal of Art here is contemplating. in the world of Art have in contemplation. We trust, ere it be too late, all such artists We trust, ere it be too late, all such artists will take warning by the neglect under which they languish. It is time to distrust genius when it fails of recognition. Let all such painters reconsider their ways, and take diligently to nature while yet there is time. Study and hard work may yet save them. In a simple subject they possibly will have success; Job and the prophets will keen, and can afford to wait.

will have success; Job and the prophets will keep, and can afford to wait.

Suffolk Street is given to show. When not gloomy, this retreat of the Muses is absolutely gaudy, and though for the most part poverty-stricken, here and there richest colours decorate the walls even to excess. A. J. Woolmer has a phrensied eye for poetic pigments; he is the Watteau and Boccaccio of these purlicus. His figures are stricken with fever just as the landscapes of Pyne are consumed by fire. The danger which proverbially besets a mind colour-mad was never more terribly patent than in the pictures of this artist. They become year by year more and more dreamy, unsubstantial, and unreal, so that at length form and positive nature are lost in sensuous rapture. and unreal, so that at length form and positive nature are lost in sensuous rapture. It is perhaps fortunate that a small canvas contents this artist. Yet we willingly acknowledge that a marked, though morbid, idiosyncracy for beauty is always patent in Mr. Woolmer's pictures. J. J. Hill and E. J. Cobbett are well-known champions in this arena, painters endowed with a physical force absolutely resistless, glorying in a knock-down genius which makes short work with nature. 'The Gleaner,' by J. J. Hill, has all the showy cleverness of the school. Such works are choice favourites with Art-Union prize-holders. Yet painters who cultivate this rough and ready man-

ner may dash off in the exuberance of a full and free flowing brush, works which, after their kind, are triumphs. Such a picture is 'The Return of the Gleaners,' by E. J. Cobbett. Very clever and effective are the grouping and the perspective range of the women and children wending their way homewards across the heather moorland laden with harvest spoil, gathered in the long summer day now closing into twilight. The picture is sunny and sensational, just what the artist wished it to be. Its success so far must be pronounced complete. There are two pictures by Mr. Walter Anderson and one by Mrs. Anderson, which bear the closest family likeness. Clever they are; but simplicity and nature's truth cannot be counted among their charms. M. Girardot's 'Thinking it Over,' would, in fact, be better for a little more thinking. Brilliant, but superficial, are this artist's ideas and methods. 'Enid,' by A. Ludovici, is certainly free from the florid faults of Suffolk Street, but Tennyson cannot be held responsible for the monotony of weakness. Neither can the poet be found guilty of the repulsive melodrama which C. Calthrop has enacted over the dead body of the murdered earl. The Laureate's lines upon "The Sisters" leave the suggested horrors vague in mystery; and it is lawful for words to indicate what colours cannot dare to realise. Mr. Calthrop, however, is in the exercise of undoubted power, as evident in his second picture, 'The Condemnation of Madame Roland,' but he requires yet to learn how to express thoughts through the language doubted powers, as evident in his second picture, 'The Condemnation of Madame Roland,' but he requires yet to learn how to express thoughts through the language of colour, shade, and subtle form. Miss Horncastle's careful study of a young lady and an old cabinet puzzles us. We have already seen two repetitions of the same subject this season; one, for example, in the Dudley Gallery, under the name of Miss Martin. We presume that female artists in general have a common property in this composition, including the cabinet and the model, thus forming a perfect sister-hood of Art, under which plagiarism ceases to be robbery. A short summary will dispose of the remaining figure pictures. Mr. Pasmore's compositions show readiness. It is a great pity he will not submit to a course of close study. Mr. Bromley's 'Village Frolic' consists in riding a pig. It is a feeble affair, meant to be funny. Various interiors after the Dutch fashion by Haynes King ars carefully painted, but want a little more firmness in touch, and It is a feeble affair, meant to be funny. Various interiors after the Dutch fashion by Haynes King are carefully painted, but want a little more firmness in touch, and vigour in character. 'Grace before Meat,' by J. Kennedy, though scattered and the background obstruive, is another clever work of the Wilkie school. Of artists bearing the name of Roberts, including ladies and gentlemen, appear within these walls and the middle passage of the scene mar the final success. 'A Lane in Summer-time,' by C. L. Coppard, and 'A View on the Erme,' by W. Pitt, deserve commendation as close conscientious work; so does also a small canvas content with truth unadorned, 'Carrying Sea Sand, Bossiney Cove, Tintagel,' a sketch evidently made in the open air by W. H. Hopkins. 'Foss Mill,' by H. Moore, contains truthful passages, which, however, had incoherently together. A picture, however, has merit. 'My Little Pet' is a praiseworthy study by George Holmes, and 'Hush!' gives voice to a domestic scene in the clever pointed manner habitual to W. Hemsley. 'A Fish Girl,' by J. Collinson, shows precision in drawing and execution the chibiton, has, by an act of injustice, been hung where its details are thrown away. What infinite disgust must Mr. Peel have felt when he saw his labour thrust from the line by 'A R

elements so common; he embodies an

etherial essence!

The landscapes in Suffolk Street are, of course, as showy as the figures. Close study of detail is not supposed to be needed for the display of nature's pageantry. Cole, Pyne, Clint, Syer, Percy, Niemann, Pettitt, and Gilbert, might alone form a school of florid decoration. G. Cole's 'Windmill' is seen and extravagant. On this canvas scenic and extravagant. On this canvas the flourish of the brush stands in the stead the flourish of the brush stands in the stead of study and knowledge. In 'La Strada Ferrata Venezia,' by J. B. Pyne, the Sea Cybele crowned with rainbow appears through an atmosphere of Byronic rhapsody, and 'Porto del Cala, Palermo,' by the same painter, shines of course in poetic vision à la Turner. Alfred Clint contributes except highway are crucker and the same painter. butes several pictures, more or less intense in sunset fire. 'Pembroke Castle' is painted with poverty: the water, however, is liquid and brilliant. 'After rough Weather' is poetic in solitude of sea and solemnity of sunset. Mr. Clint has some good ideas, but he works them rather hard, and stands but he works them rather hard, and stands in need of variety. James Danby exhibits a picture after the manner wherewith his name is identified. E. J. Niemann's 'Mill near Dolgelly' is also in that artist's usual style—broad and effective through contrast. style—broad and effective through contrast.

A. Gilbert's well-known treatment may also be recognised from afar. 'A bright Winter's Night in the North' has spectral grandeur and gloom; the snow encompasses the mountains as death's white windingsheet, the foreground lies in shadow, and the sky stretches in blue canopy overhead. The scene is grand, but a little overdrawn. J. Tennant exhibits a painstaking picture. The horses 'Resting at Plough on the Downs' are really well executed: they scarcely seem by the same hand as the landscape. The works of J. Syer are always dashing and free. Nature under his hand is bold, and of countenance healthful and honest. 'The Mountain Rill' has been made into a rude medley of rock has been made into a rude medley of rock and woody undergrowth, mixed eleverly on canvas after the artist's habitual man on canvas after the artist's habitual man ner. Mr. Syer's pictures this year are more than usually sketchy. The subject which shows closest study is 'Pandy Oak.' Miss Blunden's 'Fairy Glen' is dotty but careful. W. Luker's 'Spring-time' cannot be called of a style pleasant or popular, but the work has in it much sound and truthful painting, executed apparently out of doors. 'Glencoe,' "where the blue hills bound the scene," by T. Whittle, is an effective transcript of mountain dis-tance blazoned in sunlight, but the fore-ground and the middle passage of the

tration, what encouragement is there for outsiders to contribute works which might redeem the character of the Exhibition?

Suffolk Street, as we have said, is cele-brated for shipwrecks in more senses than one. 'Lost and Saved,' for example, by brated for shipwrecks in more senses than one. 'Lost and Saved,' for example, by J. Webb, is about the most appalling catastrophe ever witnessed either in nature or on canvas. There seems every reason to hope, however, that the artist himself was not present at the scene. An eye-witness would certainly have brought away with him some trait, individual and definite. For like reasons we cannot but think J. P. Pettitt must have been far away from Torbay on the night of the 11th of January last. At any rate the gale at 'Brixham' evidently made the holding of sketchbook or pencil out of the question. Fortunately the imagination of Mr. Pettitt has been able to supply what eye-sight could not the imagination of Mr. Pettitt has been able to supply what eye-sight could not easily witness. Yet invention, when unrestrained by knowledge or guided by the experience of the senses, may be subject to extravagance. Let us by way of escape from such terrible disasters turn to the sea pieces painted by J. J. Wilson, an artist who really knows the ways of ocean, who traces with delicate pencil the sportive wave in its curve, its motion, and its dance. Mr. Wilson, too, is true in colour, the evanescent greys, greens, and blues of the transparent sea he paints with delicacy. It is a pity that when he comes to shore his feet fail of a firm footing. Lands and tenements on his canyases are unstable and tottering. tottering.
The Water-Colour Room alone contains

The Water-Colour Room alone contains about as many drawings as are usually exhibited in either of the Galleries in Pall Mall. We may mention as worthy of note the productions of Gosling, Adelaide Claxton, Wolfe, Weekes, Curnock, and Louise Rayner. It is difficult for water-colour drawings to be as offensive as oil pictures, and it were fortunate could the members of and it were fortunate could the members of Suffolk Street put their thoughts within a few square inches of paper, instead of over

an extent of canvas acres square.

Immortal Suffolk Street has suffered at the hand of death. R. Physick, a painter of animals, and H. J. Boddington, whose animals, and H. J. Boddington, whose landscapes have for years adorned London exhibitions, have departed this life. Dogs seated among 'British Artists' for the last time, show R. Physick to have been a faithful portrait painter of the brute creation. And landscapes by H. J. Boddington (alias Williams) prove that a man though not a "pre-Raphaelite" can approach nature. Of late years Boddington may have in-Of late years Boddington may have indulged in mannerism and been reduced to repetition, but a certain largeness of treat-ment never forsook his works. He gloried in extent of vision; mountains were for him a mighty presence, a mystery of solitude and silence, and the lake strewn with pebbles and fringed with feathery reeds, sparkled in the sun, and as a mirror reflected sylvan shades. It is to be regretted that this capital receipt for picture-making suffered in public estimation, through the endless reproductions which bore the varying alias of a numerous and hard-working family. Could the supply have been stinted, less satiety had been felt. One such picture exhibited in a twelvemonth would have wrought an impression which twenty clever and varied replicas did but dissipate. Suffolk Street, however, can ill afford the loss of Boddington. Concerning this member, at least, of the Society of British Artists, no one had yet said, "Cut him down, why cumbereth he the ground?" in extent of vision; mountains were for

THE

PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION OF 1867.

The preparations for the next year's Universal Exhibition that are now in the act of being carried on in Paris, are exactly such as give the best and most conclusive promise of a complete success for the Exhibition itself. Both artists and manufactured in a parish that the success of the exhibition itself. promise of a complete success for the Exmibition itself. Both artists and manufacturers are at work in earnest upon the
production of objects to be exhibited;
and this example of the capital is duly
accepted and followed throughout the empire. The idea of the Exhibition is popular
in the highest degree, and the national
feeling sympathises with it most heartily.
In Paris itself this sympathetic feeling is
peculiarly strong, and it pervades all classes
of society. The Parisians believe that the
Exhibition will prove to be a very grand
thing, and they also expect to derive from
it both very distinguished honour and very
important practical advantages.

Meanwhile the preparation of the Exhibition building makes such steady progress,
that the certainty of its completion before
the period in which it will be required to
receive its future multifarious contents is
already beyond all question; and such is

receive its future multifarious contents is already beyond all question; and such is the energy with which the operations at and about the site of the Exhibition building are being conducted, that each day leaves palpable evidence of important advance. The actual edifice will occupy the centre of the fine open park-like ground, well known as the Champ de Mars, immediately adjoining the Seine on its southern side, and it will be one mile and 200 yards due south of the Arc de Triomphe at the extremity of the avenue of the Champs Elysées, the direct approach being by the Pont de Jena. The form, plan, and arrangements of the building are perfectly novel, and, at the same time, admirably adapted to the purposes which they are designed to accomplish. The ground-plan of the main structure will be a vast oval, its extreme length 1,600 feet, and its extreme width 1,240 feet; 1,600 feet, and its extreme width 1,240 feet; and the whole will be divided into a series of eight concentric (if we may be allowed of eight concentric (if we may be allowed to apply that epithet to an oval) galleries, or zones, the innermost of them opening into an areaded piazza, which, in its turn, will open into and encompass a central oval garden, in length 460 feet, and in breadth 160 feet. Attached to each of the eight galleries will be its own corridor of communication, beneath which are the shafts and appliances for ventilation. Two grand corridors, to intersect each other at grand corridors, to intersect each other at right angles, will divide the whole struc-ture into four quadrants; and in each of these quadrants will be three other avenues radiating outwards, in straight lines, from the central garden to the exterior of the building, where they will open upon a covered colonnade, 16 feet in width, which will encircle the edifice on its exterior face, and form a night cone

building, where they will open upon a covered colonnade, 16 feet in width, which will encircle the edifice on its exterior face, and form a ninth zone.

The eight galleries, or zones, within the building will vary in size and proportions, in order the better to adapt them to their several uses; the smallest of them (the third from the central garden) being 20 feet, and the largest (the second from the exterior) being 111 feet in width, with proportionate heights. The eighth, or innermost zone but one, is to form the Fine Arts gallery; and within this, intervening between it and the central garden and its encircling arcade, will be the zone of the Retrospective Museum—collections to illustrate human skill, and energy, and toil, in

past ages. The Fine Arts gallery, 50 feet in width, by 35 feet in height, without its roof vaulting, will be constructed of solid fire-proof materials, and lighted from above; like the other galleries, in form it will be oval, its greatest measurements being severally 650 and 360 feet. The other zones, commencing from the exterior of the building, will be allotted as follows:—1st. Articles of food, including every variety of establishment for the sale of refreshments to visitors; 2nd. (the great gallery), Machinery, instruments, and processes, including machinery in action and processes in the act of being exemplified; 3rd. Raw materials, whether in their natural and rough state, or partly prepared for subsequent processes of manufacture; 4th. Objects of personal use and ornament, including clothing of every kind and variety; 5th. Furniture, and all productions and objects for domestic use; 6th. Educational museum, with all classes of objects of a scientific nature, and which may be said to represent, or to be produced by, the liberal Arts; 7th. The Fine Arts gallery.

This arrangement of the Palace of the Universal Exhibition in zones will be found to lead to results of pre-eminent importance. The zones themselves, with their intersecting and radiating avenues, will provide, in the best possible manner, for the conve-

ing and radiating avenues, will provide, in the best possible manner, for the conve-nience of visitors; and, at the same time, nience of visitors; and, at the same time, this particular system of arrangement and agroupment will imply the most perfect means for that classification and comparison which constitute the grand object, as they produce the most signal advantages arising from International Exhibitions. Thus the exhibitors of each nation will be enabled to keep all their works and objects together in a single national group, while they also will place each class of their works and objects in the same zone with those that are of the same nature and character, the are of the same nature and character, the contributions of other countries. Visitors, accordingly, may readily examine all that the Exhibition will contain, the contributions of all countries, in any one class, by traversing the entire circuit of the one par-ticular zone that will claim their special

The whole area of the Champ de Mars (about 3,300 feet by 1,400 feet) will be devoted to what may be designated "accessories" to the Exhibition itself. Here, in a sories" to the Exhibition itself. Here, in a great garden, will the various manufactures of France be exemplified in model establishments, with model farms, photographic studios, models of every variety of edifice, hot-houses of all kinds, lighthouses, an international theatre, concert room, lecture theatre, and club, &c. &c. The works in connection with the Exhibition also extend beyond the Champ de Mars. and include beyond the Champ de Mars, and include the hilly grounds of the Trocadero which already have been levelled to form a splendid esplanade, slightly inclined, and extending as far as the Pont de Jena and

LECTURES ON PAINTING

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BY HENRY O'NEIL, A.R.A.

We published last month digests of Mr. O'Neil's first and second lectures: we now proceed to give a like epitome of the remaining two lectures of the course. The subject of the third address, which, for elevation of thought and eloquence of diction, might be termed an oration, was the function of the imagination in the treatment of themes not directly falling within the sphere of the senses. Such are the creations of the poet and scenes recorded in the Holy Scriptures. Imagination fashions images from the storehouse of the senses; memory is its feeder, and the passions are its fire. The artist, however, must always make direct reference to nature, and humanity itself has prototypes of perfection, through which the painter may realise his aspirations. The art of painting, it must be .onfessed, in the illustration of dramatic poetry, labours under disadvantage; Leslie was, in fact, almost the only artist who, in dramatic subjects, was satisfactory. Again, in the attempts to realise beings pertaining to the world of spirits, the painter will also do well to keep as near as may be to nature. Even spirits must have a certain glow of life, yet at the same time possess in form and shadow an ethereal cesence. Some painters have clothed the angelic host in symbolic colours, as if colour were a type of virtue and purity. But in Art mere faith is inadmissible, and unless the spectator have a key to the symbol assumed, it says nothing. The mind feels no real sympathy for the wings of a bird or the head of a beast; the human face is endowed with power to convey all the expression which rightly belongs to man. Neither is allegory more admissible than symbolism; allegory belonged to degenerate periods in Art, and pandered, for the most part, to the supposed virtues of royal patrons.

The worship of the beautiful is the spirit of Greek Art. The Greek paintings, however, which have come down to us bear to the prefect works of Phidias no higher relation than the pictures of Mengs to the works of Raphael. The Greeks endowed each

his 'Crucifixion' to excite reverence. The lecturer then defended the ideal as opposed to the realistic treatment of sacred subjects. The anachronism involved by the introduction of contemporary portraits had often been ridiculed, but it was to be remembered that the presence of such personages was not meant to be real but ideal. We must bear in mind that beings appearing in the dream of sleep or the vision of thought assume the same appearance as in life. Later artists have attempted to impart to sacred subjects an additional interest by seising on local truths, and accordingly, instead of Venetians, they have painted Jews. Yet may it be affirmed that whatever is gained in truth has been lost in beauty. The divine head of Christ in Titian's 'Tribute Money' was painted from a Venetian, and not a Jew. And it has been rightly said that the artist who cannot draw a Madonna from an Englishwoman, would fail were he to ransack the whole world for a model. Thus may it be laid down as an axiom, that in the treatment of Scripture subjects strict attention to local truth is immaterial. The lecturer threw out the thought that in Art there is a mysterious feeling akin to awe, and that one art is seen through another art. Thus in words there is colour; in sculpture tone and painting may be likened to lovely music, wherein melody and harmony combine. Then followed warm eulogies on the works of Tintoret, Velsaques, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. In Tintoret we recognise the lightning touch of genius; into darkest chaos he darts supernatural light. The highest achievements of Art are found in the expression of the Nollest qualities; poetry is often too vague, and painting too material. Yet there are pictures by Raphael, such as the Madonna de San Sisto, creations of Michael Angelo, such as those of Isaiah and Jeremiah in the ceiling of the Sistine, figures by Titian, such as the majestic Madonna in Venice, which hindle in the mind feelings akin to those aroused by music—that lost language of the soul, the memory of a former read

eccentric.

It is the duty of the artist to uphold the dignity of Art, and advance her true interests. Excuse may be found for mercenary motives, and it has been said that a man can paint for money and yet recall fame. Yet speaking generally, the pecuniary value of a work will be measured by its artistic worth. The state of Art in any country will materially depend on

the artist himself. It is his duty not to pander to low taste; it is his office to maintain a healthy public opinion; and it should be his aim to create admiration for the highest excellence rather than avail himself of public sympathy found ready-made to hand. Beauty, which is the object of the artist's desire, may be lofty or comparatively low; it may be in dignity and purity as different as love is from lust, as diverse as food for the senses is from sustenance for the soul.

No quality is more essential to success than

sustenance for the soul.

No quality is more essential to success than indomitable determination. Confidence is a sign of health and strength, and without it no great work will ever be accomplished. We are too apt to trust to the gifts of nature rather than to resolute labour. Success is not, indeed, always commensurate with loftiness of aim. An artist's reputation depends, in our day, not a little upon that science of criticism which serves as a guide to minds powerless or too idle to think. The painter, however, should steadily pursue his course irrespective of the cries uttered around him. Yet he may rightly defer to the professional judgment of men actually tried by experience.

professional judgment of men actually tried by experience.

Mr. O'Neil had, in the first lecture, told the student to paint what he felt rather than what he saw: to this direction the lecturer would now add that an artist cannot paint what he feels until he has learnt how to paint what he sees. As a means to an end, a student must copy literally even the defects of a model, because as yet he lacks experience to rectify such blemishes. After long acquaintance with nature, an artist will know how to pass over faults in the model. But it is evident that a man must master words before he can speak; and it must master words before he can speak; and it is the want of this mastery which disables many is the want of this mastery which disables many artists from giving expression to the eloquence of their feelings. The deficiency in technical knowledge conspicuous in our English artists, some critics have assigned to shortcomings in the Academy schools. The evil, however, should rather be imputed to an inordinate ambition in students to paint pictures, and furthermore to the tendency in certain critics to exalt thought at the expense of mechanical power. Above all, let the student beware of a slovenly manner, which is the sign of a want of true mastery; the pretence of audacity, not the mark of genius. An artist's studio is the world. In daily life, in society, in the public streets, an artist must

An artist's studio is the world. In daily life, in society, in the public streets, an artist must perpetually be intent on study. Memory will be his storehouse. Turner's sketch-books often contain more words than lines. Lastly, let the hours not occupied in professional labours be devoted to kindred arts and sciences. One art aids another, because all arts have much in common.

common.

The works of modern continental schools may assist the student. The merits and defects of foreign masters can with advantage be compared with our English manner. French and Belgian schools may be held up as an example; the school of Munich, on the contrary, as a warning. In French pictures we mark indefinite outline, a sobriety, and sometimes an impurity of colour, a style of execution approaching slovenliness, and a want of interest in the subject chosen. But yet the French school, being founded on nature, will live; and it may at least teach us how to remedy that abuse of white paint which is the bane of our English Art.

Art.

Fellow-students, independence is a noble birthright: thereby truth shall obtain eloquent utterance for the good and enlightenment of mankind. You contain within you seeds sown by nature, and if you will but listen to the voice of nature, she will be to you a willing mistress and even an obedient slave. To Art it is given to create works which shall awaken in the mind a lovely dream—pictures conceived in the spirit of that beauty which is destined to make man wiser and better. Finally, in your restless desire to attain success, remember the noble maxim of Pliny, that reward should follow after, and not be the aim of your labours.

J. B. A.

[We must reserve to a future opportunity the notice of Professor Westmacott's lectures with which we have been supplied.—ED. A.-J.]

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

THE MAY-POLE.

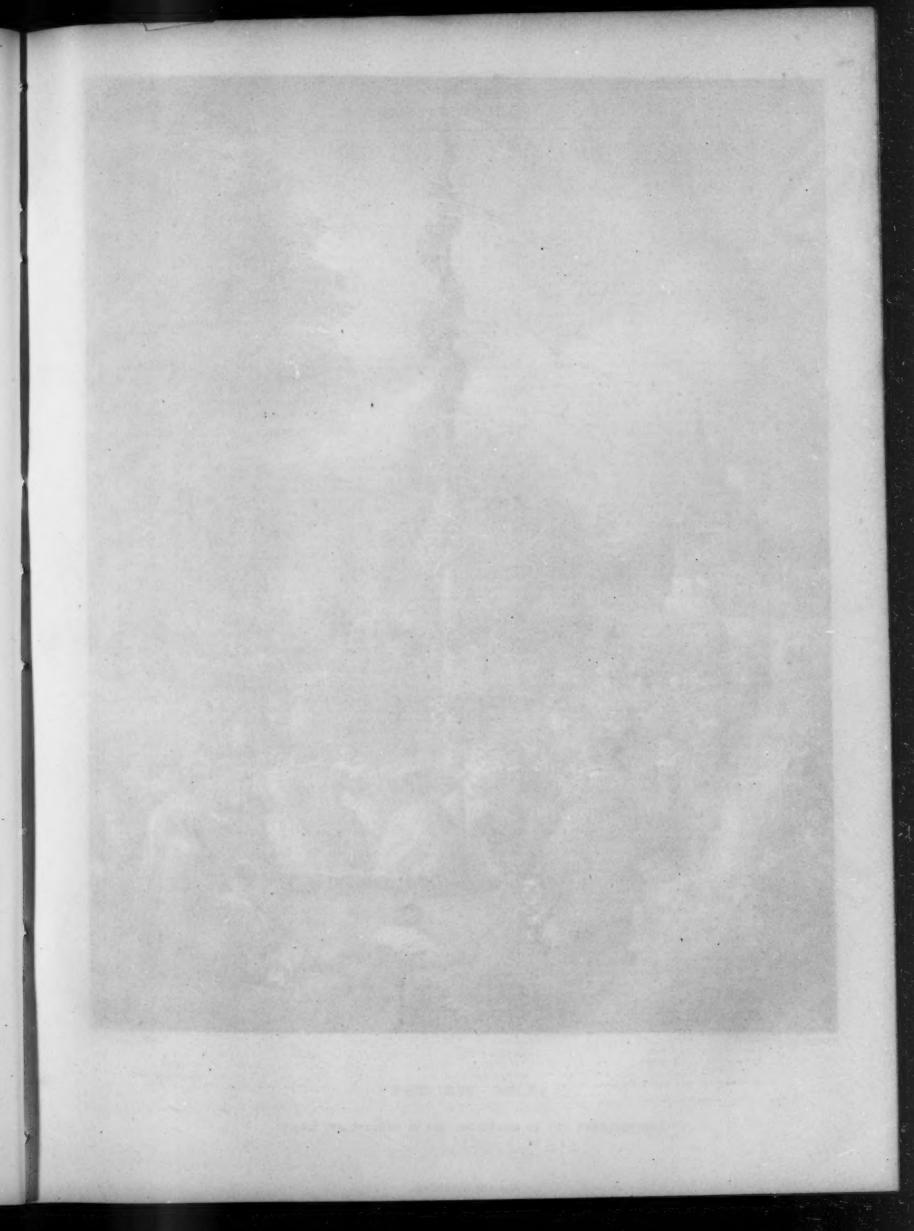
Joseph Nash, Painter. C. Cousen, Engraver.

HONE, speaking a quarter of a century ago of May-day in his "Every-day Book," says,—"We think we remember something about milk-maids and their garlands thing about milk-maids and their garlands in our boyish days; but even this lingering piece of professional rejoicing is gone, and instead of intellectual pleasures at courts, manly games among the gentry, the vernal appearance everywhere of bough and flowers, and the harmonious accompaniment of ladies' looks, all the idea a Londoner now has of May-day is the dreary gambols and tinsel-fluttering squalidness of the poor chimney-sweepers. What a personification of the times,—paper-gilded dirt, slavery, and melancholy, bustling for another penny!" Had Hone lived till now the latter part of his lament might have been spared, for even the sweepers have almost, if not quite, disappeared from the scene. Our engraving appears opportunely, to show what May-day was in olden time.

The raising the May-pole was an event of ye little convergence in the olden time.

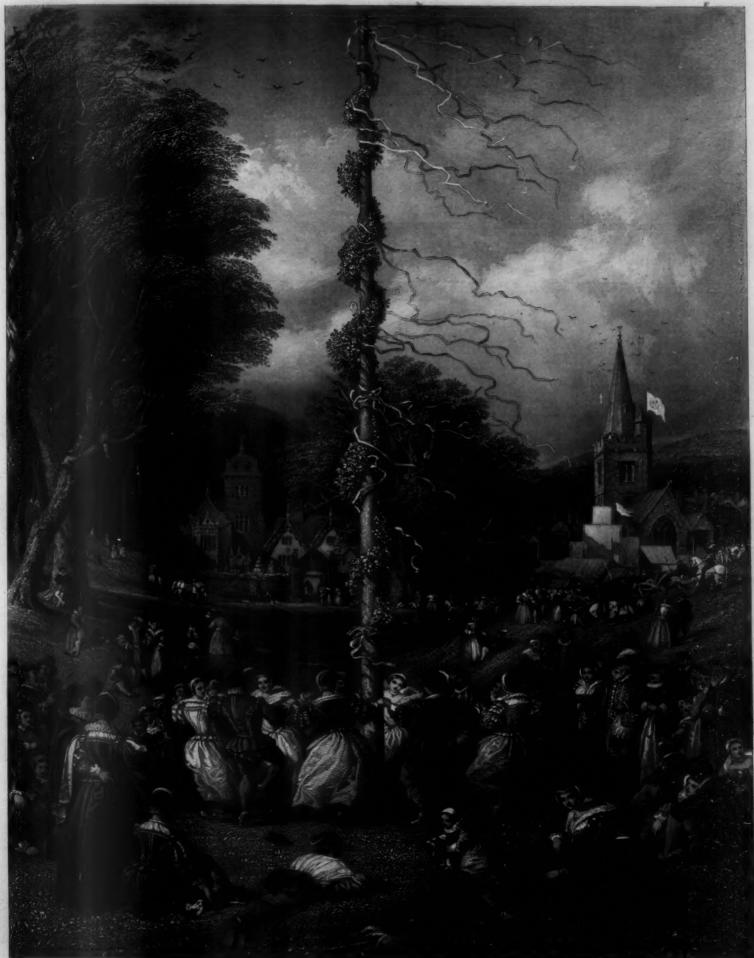
The raising the May-pole was an event of no little ceremony in the olden time. At the earliest dawn of day, the villagers At the earliest dawn of day, the villagers were accustomed to assemble on the green, from which they soon started forth, the young men, girls, and children to gather flowers in the woods and meadows, the elder men to select the tallest and straightest pole they could find in the woods, which, after being felled and trimmed, was drawn to the place where it was to be set up by oxen adorned with garlands; ten or twelve, and even more of these animals, being sometimes yoked of these animals, being sometimes yoked together for the purpose. "This Maie poole," writes an old chronicler, Stubbes, "is covered all over with flowrs and hearbes, bounde rounde aboute with hearbes, bounde rounde aboute with stringes, from the toppe to the bottome, and sometyme painted with veritable colours, with twoo or three hundred men, and children followying it with women, and children followying it with great devotion. And thus beyng reared up, with handkerchiefes and flagges stream-yng on the toppe, they strawe the grounde aboute, binde greene boughes about it, aboute, binde greene boughes about it, sette up Summer haules, Bowers, and Arbours hard by it. And then fall they to banquet and feaste, to leape and dance about it, as the Heathen people did at the dedication of their Idolles, whereof this is a perfect patterne, or rather the thyng itself."

Good master Stubbes, it is quite evident, had little sympathy with May-day pastime, but his description agrees in most points with Mr. Nash's pleasant and cheerful picture of a scene too simple in character, and too allied with the pure charms of nature, to suit the artificial tastes in which the peasantry of our time have been nurtured and brought up. Round the floral-decked pole a group of merry-makers. decked pole a group of merry-makers, dressed in the costume of the Elizabethan period, is dancing merrily; on their right is the owner of the old baronial mansion, with his dame, sundry members of his family, and their attendants. In the background, in front of the booths, other old English sports are being carried on; a round-about, a sham tournament, and sundry mummeries. The scene is full of life and merriment, composed in a genial spirit, and represented with a knowledge of the customs of the time.



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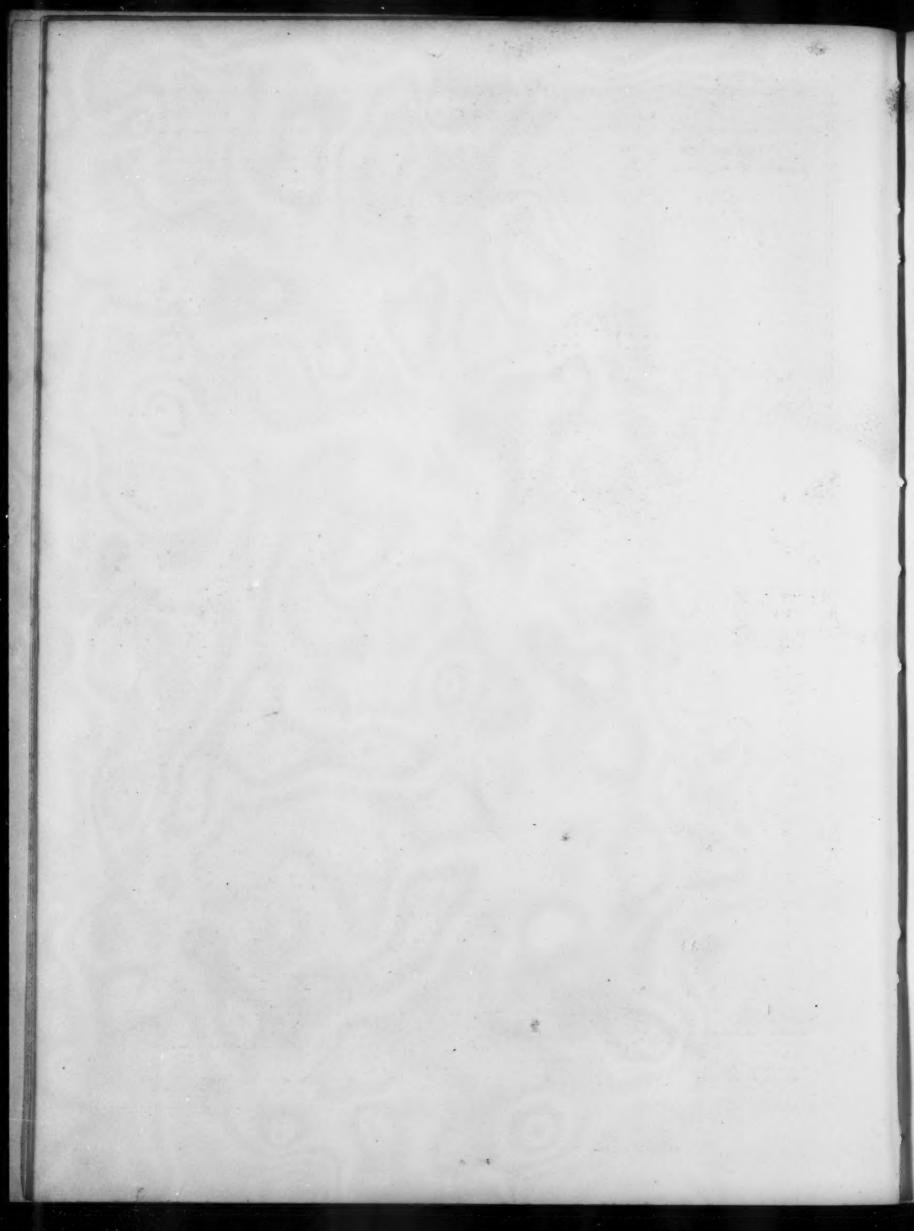


J. NASH. PINX

O. COUSEN, SCULP?

THE MAY-POLE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.



MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from person nowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—Dr. Johnson.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



N the year 1830, I had the honour to be asso-ciated with the poet, Thomas Campbell, in the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine, in the entire conduct of which I was subsequently his successor. Although in the prime of life, or very little past it, a heavy sorrow was over him. He had not long previously (in 1828) lost his wife, and his son(his then only child) was confined in "a private asylum." Unhappily he sought relief where it is the friend of but a brief and treacherous moment, and

the poet as "a little rosy man in a bob wig." "His wig was always nicely adjusted and scarcely distinguishable from natural hair." He was accustomed to blacken his whiskers with burnt cork, or some kind of powder, to make them correspond with his wig. He was cheerful in general society, agreeable and communicative in the social circle, and his conversation abounded in pointed humour; it was, however, sometimes so irreverent as to make the listener ask if he were really the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and his anecdotes were not always kept "within the limits of becoming mirth." He seemed, and was, averse to exertion, mental or corporal; and was deficient in that energy which is character. He laboured much at what he wrote, poetry or prose, and I have known him produce but a single page of prose, as the result of a day. I remember once expressing my surprise at this; and his telling me he always considered a verse as the ample fruitage of a week; for although the rough hewing of a block

a habit was contracted which I have reason to believe never left him. Fortunately for mankind, his grand "Odes" and "Lyries" had been given to the world previously; for afterwards his works were, by comparison, nothings!

Campbell was rather under than above the middle size; his voice was low almost to weakness, and inharmonious; the expression of his countenance indicated the sensitiveness of his mind; his lips were thin; his nose finely and delicately chiselled; his eyes large and of a deep blue; and his telling me he always considered a verse as the ample fruitage of a block might be the work of an hour, the fashioning and polishing were born of the toil that brought reward; while the fore thought as compared with the after thought, was as the mile to the inch.

I was not long his sub-editor, and my appointment to that office was, I believe, against his will; for certainly he had no desire to lose the associateship of his old and valuable ally, Cyrus Redding. Although I had not only nothing to complain of in his treatment of me, but the opposite, there may have been that lack of cordiality which prevented me from cherishing towards him the fervid homage I have felt for so many great men. At least, after this long lapse of time, I cannot say otherwise than that my intimacy with the Poet was a dream dispelled. I soon found that the less trouble I gave him in reference to the Magazine, the better I should please him; no doubt my predecessor had acted on that principle; but very soon after my accession, Campbell was tempted into a speculation that caused him much anxiety and eventual loss. He resigned the editorship of the New Monthly, and became one of the proprietors, as well as the nominal editor, of the Metropolitan, and expended to the first had a hour. That publication was, in due ocurse, abandoned, and Campbell afterwards

There came to the brack a poor Exile of Erix The dew on his thin robe was heavy & chill For his bountry he sigh'd whilst at troilight repairing To wander alone by the wind-braten hill Fransmired for Soll. Hall J. Campbell Lordon 6 7.67. 1889.

led a listless, if not a positively idle, life until his death.

Dr. Beattie thinks his resignation of the New Monthly was the result of a "vexatious incident." There crept into the Magazine "a vile and shocking paper," which attacked the memory of his dear friend, Dr. Glennie, of Dulwich; it referred to Lord Byron's foot, and was written by a quack. That it grievously annoyed Mr. Campbell, I know. I was anxious not to be held responsible for the act; and in one of the few letters I have preserved of his, he fully acquits me of all blame. It is, however, clear from some of his letters in 1829, that he was then longing to be "away Rogers lent him the money to embark

His partners in the Metropolitan were Captain Chamier and the publisher Cochrane: he was induced to become "a proprietor," in consequence of finding himself "enormously" in Mr. Colburn's debt. Rogers lent him the money to embark

in that undertaking—a disastrous one; although the poet "got out of it" with comparatively little loss, Captain Chamier behaving with nice honour and generous consideration. Subsequently the journal became the property of Captain Marryat; and had but a short and unprosperous life.

Campbell had commenced his duties as editor of the New Monthly on the 1st of January, 1821. It was with many misgivings the poet undertook the task, for which he was singularly disqualified; "he was accustomed to make mountains of mole-hills;"

customed to make mountains of mole-hills;" he had no organ of order; contributions were of the capabilities of contemporary writers he was entirely ignorant. He could seldom make up his mind either to acceptor reject an article, and fancied he must be held responsible not only for the sentiments, but for the language of every contributor; especially he was disqualified for his task by his extreme sensitiveness. He could not bear reproach or blame; complaint more than exasperated; he took as a personal insult any protest against his editorial flat. They were "pestilent fellows" who hurried him for the return of the manuscripts he did not for the return of the manuscripts he did not know where to find.*

Indecision was the prevailing vice of his character. Scott pictured him, in 1817, as "afraid of the shadow his own fame cast before him;" and Talfourd, summing up his faults as an editor, described him "stopping the press for a week to determine the value of a comma, and balancing contending epithets for a fortnight." His magazine he himself called "an Olla Podrida that sickens and enslaves me." †

His £600 per annum was therefore earned not only by double the amount of needful labour, but by a sacrifice of peace of mind. In a word, a worse editor could not have been selected; yet the enterprise of the publisher Collum, and his liberal of the publisher Colburn, and his liberal scale of remuneration, attracted many important and valuable aids, and the Magazine, though published at 3s. 6d. monthly, was a great success

Fortunately, however, Campbell had associated with him as sub-editor a practical and painstaking gentleman, Mr. Cyrus Redding; always considerate and courteous; who kept contributors in good humour and did the "business" part of the Magazine thoroughly well. It was this gentleman I was called upon to succeed (I do not know, was canted upon to succeed (1 do not know, and I believe I never knew, the grounds of the change). In the year 1832, Campbell was then either weary of, or indifferent to, his editorial duties; at least, he left to me the whole business of selecting articles. My own experience certainly bears out the picture drawn by Talfourd of Campbell as an editor. "It was," writes that genial and indulgent critic, "an office for which he was the most unfit person who could be found in the wide world of letters, who regarded a magazine as if it were a long affidavit, or a short answer in chancery, in which the absolute truth of every sentiment, and the propriety of every jest, were verified by the editor's oath or solemn affirmation; who stopped the press for a week at a comma; balanced contending epithets for a fortnight, and at last grew rash in

despair, and tossed the nearest, and often the worst, article 'unwhipped of justice to the printer."

Consequently, Campbell lost rather than gained in reputation as the presiding power over an important public organ; and, acting "like the poor cat i' the adage," gave no character to the work.*

character to the work."

His life has been written by one of the best and kindliest of men—good Dr. William Beattie, his friend and physician; who was guided by strong affection and profound reverence; who had watched him in sickness, solitude, and depression; and who, if he has judged him more in mercy than in justice, will be esteemed and loved for the mind and heart he has given to his labour of love.

given to his labour of love.†

Thomas Campbell, the eighth son and eleventh child of his parents, was born in the High Street of Glasgow on the 27th of July, 1777.‡ His father was a Scottish gentleman, though "a decayed merchant," and was of the proud blood of Argyll.§ He began to write verses early; and when a mere youth gave the promise of after great-ness. At sixteen years old, he produced

poems so good that it need have startled no one, when at the age of twenty-one years and eleven months he produced "The Pleasures of Hope."

That famous poem, one of the classics of our language, was written at intervals (his vocation being then to teach pupils) during the years 1797-8, and was published at Edinburgh in 1799. It took at once the place it has kept and will keep as long as our it has kept and will keep as long as our language endures. It was composed in "a dusky lodging," in Rose Street, Edinburgh. The copyright he sold to an Edinburgh publisher. Campbell tells us it "was sold out and out for sixty pounds in money and books;" he adds that "for two or three years the publishers gave him fifty pounds on every new edition."

two or three years the publishers in the course of an address, at the Festival to inaugurate the James Hogg, beside "lone St. statue of James Hogg, beside "lone St. Mary's silent lake," related this interesting anecdote of Campbell:—

"I knew him-he was a student of Glasgow, I of Edinburgh, and we met about the year 1797, some considerable time before the publication of his immortal poem,



CAMPBELL'S RESIDENCE AT SYDENHAM

'The Pleasures of Hope.' He was of so poetical a temperament that it happened at the time I made his acquaintance, and

Of his extreme carelessness I have a remarkable proof in one of the few of his letters I have preserved. Twice in that letter he spells the name of his literary colleague "Reading," instead of "Redding," t Campbell, on appointing by his will Dr. Besttie one of his literary executors, terms him his "staunch and inestimable friend," and on a long prior occasion thus greets him:—

"Friend of my life, which did not you pro The world had wanted many an idle son

The world had wanted many an idle song."

2 William Howitt gives a curious account of his search for the house in which the poet was born. "It stood," he says.," at the east end of George Street, but has been cleared away." Inquiries on the subject, of neighbours, led to nothing; some thought the inquirer "four" for cocupying himself so idly. They had heard of the poet certainly; but that was all; of any good be had ever done they were entirely ignorant. Macnee, the Scottish painter, tells a story that he and some friends were conversing in the presence of an old farmer-lady, who seemed to listen with rapt attention. At length she said, in audible tones, to one who sat next her, "I canna mak it oot: they are a' talking, talking, aboot painting and potry, joost as if they were of as much importance as sheep!" Something akin to this was the expedition of William Howitt to Giasgow in search of guidance concerning Thomas Campbell.

3 He was naturally groud of being a clansman of the Chan-Campbells: Lady Charlotte Campbell (sister of the Duke-chief) wrote—

Bard of my country, clansman of my race,

"Bard of my country, clansman of my race,"

"Bard of my country, clansman of my race, How proudly do I call thee one of mine."

he had been at my father's house, he was in the lowest state of depression and dejec-tion of spirits—so much so, that my father taunted me with bringing to his house a man of whom he would not be surprised to hear that he had put an end to his life before morning. That was a part of his poetical temperament. He was, as Dryden describes fortune, always in extremes, and hence it was that the next time I saw him he was in the highest spirits, because by that time the book which he held in contempt, as you may guess from his having suffered such dejection, was received with such universal encomiums and applause, that it raised him to the third heaven of exultation. And it was not long after that I met him in London, when the book had gone through several editions, and the last of them contained a passage which had not appeared in the first edition of the poem†—

[&]quot; Whatever article came to him, he would put by, as intended for future inspection, and think of it no more.
... I often found a letter or an article placed over his books on the shelves unopened—sometimes slipped down behind then "—Cyrus Redding.

† Dr. Beattie in his own gracious and generous manner puts the point thus: "His flov of thought was not rapid; and the extreme fastidiousness of his taste was a constant embarrassment to his progress. In writing, he was often like an artist setting figures in messic—cautiously marking the weight, shape, and effect of each particular piece before dropping it into its place."

[•] The original Ms.—the first draft—of "The Pleasures of Hope," has been recently purchased by the curators of the British Museum.

† The fourth edition, corrected and enlarged, contains no less than 154 lines—perhaps the finest in the poem—which are not in the first edition.

a passage which was to me so delightful, and so striking, that I complimented him on it, and he said, 'I am glad to receive that compliment, for that passage has cost me more labour and more thought than any equal number of lines in the whole

poem."
The passage referred to commences Oh lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse, One hopeless, dark idolater of chance!"

At a late period of life, he published an illustrated edition of his poems; they had become his property, I presume, in consequence of the term of twenty-eight years from their original publication having expired; consequently the converted pired; consequently the copyright reverted to him. The edition was illustrated by engravings, from drawings by Turner; for these drawings he paid £25 each—£350 for the whole. When Campbell sought to sell the whole. When Campbell sought to sell them, he did so in vain, offering them for £300, but finding no purchaser; until Turner himself bought them back for £200,

"bits of painted pasteboard," Campbell

—"bits of painted pasteboard," Campbell called them, and an adviser when he "showed him Turner's money" told him "they had been re-purchased at twice their intrinsic value." They would now probably bring £5,000 if offered for sale.

In 1800, he visited Germany; his fame had gone before him, making his journey a triumph. He saw from the rampart of the Scotch convent at Ratisbon the horrors of war as exhibited at the storming of Ingolstadt—saw the dying and the dead, and heard the veritable cannon roar. Out of this visit grew some of the noblest of his poems, among them "Hohenlinden."

Campbell had his early struggles. After settling in London, in 1803, he obtained a situation on the Star newspaper, and gained

setting in London, in 1905, he obtained a situation on the Star newspaper, and gained a precarious livelihood as a writer for the press, writing anonymously on any subject, "even agriculture," for daily bread. But, he says, "the wolf was at the door." Among his other troubles he had to pay £40 a year

from all intrusion but that of the Muses," as he himself describes them-

"—— spring green lanes, With all the dazzling field flowers in the And gardens haunted by the nightingale Long trills, and gushing ectasies of song

All these are gone. Sydenham is now thoroughly spoiled as a suburban retreat, where the recluse of letters might "retire, his thoughts call home." "An endless pile of brick" is the sole view now obtained from the dwelling-place of the bard, if we except the most wonderful creation of our time—the Crystal Palece. the Crystal Palace.

Just when fate seemed most unpropitious, when his restless mind was seeking repose in laudanum, and health was sinking fast, when his days were "oppressed and fever-ish" and his nights "sleepless," he was he was rescued from evils worse than death by a Government pension of £200 a year.* It was, as his good physician says, and as he himself thought, "a defence between him and premature dissolution." Who shall say from what utter misery the poet was thus preserved? For how many of his glorious works are we indebted to that wise and just, yet generous aid? He never knew to whose influence he owed the merciful boon—he influence he owed the merciful boon—he knows it now! A "certainty" was thus secured to him; afterwards he inherited more than one legacy; one, amounting to nearly £5,000, was bequeathed to the author of "The Pleasures of Hope;" the old man who left it saying that "little Tommy the poet ought to have a legacy because he had been so kind as to give his mother £60 yearly out of his pension." How oft is the pot of honey as well as the poisoned chalice returned to our lips! It made him, as he said, "feel as blythe as if the devil were dead." Happier would it have been for himself and for

blythe as if the devil were dead." Happier would it have been for himself and for mankind, if his gratitude had been felt and expressed to the Giver of all good.

Yet he was never rich; indeed, he was generally poor; had seldom any means for luxuries, seeming to have been "in straits" all his life. A very short time before his death, he writes from Boulogne to Dr. Beattie thus:—"If I had money to spare, I should remove to a warmer spot—but I I should remove to a warmer spot—but I am in a cleft stick, for I have neither money to meet the expense, nor courage to face the toil and trouble, of removal." †

the toil and trouble, of removal."†

In 1803 he "fell in love with and married his cousin, Matilda Sinclair." Redding tells us she had no literary tastes; but she had travelled, and had "learned to make the best cup of Mocha in the world." To the poet, however, she was "beautiful, lively, and lady-like;" they wedded with very little "gear," but were certainly happy in each other. I knew her long before my more intimate acquaintance with Campbell, when they were living in Unper Saymour Place. they were living in Upper Seymour Place, West, in 1823, and I have more than once partaken of that famous "Mocha." She partaken of that famous "Mocha." She was an exceedingly pleasant, "chatty" lady, of agreeable and conciliating manners, and certainly one whom a poet with a very hopeful fancy might have dearly loved. Mrs. Grant described her as "frugal, simple, and sweet-tempered." She died in 1828. They had but one son, Thomas Telford,‡ who was, at the time of which I write, "under restraint:" his name, con-



CAMPBELL'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

usurious interest on a sum of £200 bor-

rowed to furnish his dwelling.

That dwelling was at Sydenham, then a retired village, not easily reached from London. The house, in which he resided seventeen years, is still standing, and I

have pictured it. It had a good garden, but little else to recommend it; yet here the poet received his brother wits; and much concerning "evenings" there, may be found in the Memoirs of Moore, Hook, Hunt, the brothers Smith, and others.

Here undoubtedly the happiest of his days were spent; in genial and congenial society; not alone of men and women who had his own tastes; but of others, who, fully appreciating his genius, gave him not only honour but affection.

and passing through a little dell watered by a rivulet," "the extensive prospect of un-dulating hills, park-like enclosures," the "shady walks," where the poet was "safe

"The narrow lane, lined with hedgerows

^{*} Mr. Carruthers informs me that Campbell used to relate this story:—"Turner, I was told that your drawings were as good as bank notes; but as I cannot dispose of them, I mean to have a raffle to get them off my hands. That touched the pride of the painter, who bought them back, but at a low price compared with his charge to me."

^{*}A letter from Campbell to Sir Walter Scott, dated October 2, 1805, has this emphatic postacript—" P.*. His Majesty has been pleased to confer a pension of £200 a year on me. God save the King!"
† Campbell's course was that of most men of letters. "I was by no means without literary employments; but the rock on which I split was over-calculating the gains I could make from them."
† Two sons were born to him; the younger, Alison, a child of great promise, died at Sydenham. Thomas Telford, the cider, was godson to the great civil engineer of that name, who bequeathed a thousand pounds to the poet.

^{*} Several instances are recorded of Campbell's readily acknowledging the source whence some of his thoughts were obtained. A writer in Fraser's Magazine (I believe Peter Cunningham) relates this ancedote:—

"I remember remarking to Campbell that there was a couplet in his 'Pleasures of Hope' which I felt an indescribable pleasure in repeating aloud, and in filling my ears with the music which it made:—

with the music which it made: —

'And waft across the wave's tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long how! from Oonalaska's shore.'
Yes,' he said, 'I'll tell you where I got it. I found it in
poem called "The Sentimental Journey.'
The poem called "The Sentimental Journey.'
The poem called "The Sentimental Sailor," published about the
und extracts from it are given, in the Scots Magazine for
March, 1773. The style and versification are not unlike
those of Campbell's "Piessures";

"The distant Alus in borrid crandeur piled.

The distant Alps in horrid grandeur piled, The screaming eagle's shrick that echoes wild, The worl's long how in dismal discord joined,— These suit the tone of my deeponding mind."

sequently, is seldom heard of in association with that of his illustrious father; they did not often meet; but it is certain that he was always "left in good hands." "My poor boy" was neither neglected nor forgotten. He still lives in comfortable retirement; and although, it is said, of eccentric habits, is not more heavily afflicted by the blight that had fallen on the youth of his life.

When Campbell undertook the editorship of the New Monthly, he left Sydenham, to which he often reverted as

"The greenest spot in Memory's waste,"

and took up his permanent abode in London.

London.

In 1829 he formed the "Literary Union Club," the first meeting being held at his house, 10, Seymour Street, Connaught Square, on the 4th July of that year; the second meeting taking place at the house of the artist Pickersgill, in Soho Square. I was, if I remember rightly, the seventh member elected. It was formed (to consist of 400 members) "for the purpose of promoting frequent intercourse among the Professors of Art, Science, and Literature," on a principle of economy. Somehow or other principle of economy. Somehow or other there soon arose sundry bickerings: there was about as much household harmony as there might have been among 400 spiders agreeing to spin a single web. Some idea of this may be formed from the following minute, entered on its books on the 15th of March, 1830:—

"It having been reported to the Committee that a member of the club had proposed, in the book of candidates for election, the name of one Gortz (described as an esquire), tailor and breeches maker, in the esquire), tailor and breeches maker, in the Quadrant, as an individual duly fit and qualified to become a member of this society—adding thereto, that this same proposed person 'would have much pleasure in taking measure of all the members,'—the committee regret," &c., &c. The first elections passed tranquilly enough; but when the ballot came, out of ten candidates nine were blackballed—the tenth being in no way connected with Art, science, or literaway connected with Art, science, or literature. One of its minutes condemns the practice of taking away newspapers from the reading-room; one orders the return of sixpence to Mr. Hobhouse, being an overcharge in his bill; and another of a like sum, being an overcharge to a callent care.

overcharge in his bill; and another of a like sum, being an overcharge to a gallant captain for gin and water. There was a smattering of magnates in Art, science, and letters; but the structure was composed mainly of small fry. Gradually the best withdrew, and after an existence, I think, of about three years, it fell to pieces.

Campbell's efforts to promote the cause of unhappy Poland were not so inauspicious: at least, if we may judge from the fact that the "Literary Association of the Friends of Poland," of which he was the founder and the first president (in 1831), still exists, and still occupies the apartments it originally held—No. 10, Duke Street, St. James's. Campbell lived for some time in one of the atties of that house: it is a poor and small Campbell lived for some time in one of the atties of that house: it is a poor and small room, with a view of house-tops; the last place in the world, one would think, a poet could have chosen for a dwelling. But it would seem as if Campbell preferred to abide where nature was quite shut out. It was so in Scotland Yard, in Victoria Square, Pimlico, and in other places where he dwelt—to think, see, feel, and write.

The miserable attic in Duke Street is,

however—though consisting now of bare and dilapidated walls, reached by a narrow and somewhat dangerous stairway—a place to which those who love the bard and honour the memory of one who has done so much for mankind, may well make pilgrimage. Over the fireplace in that poor chamber is a small marble slab, which contains the following inscription:

In this attic.

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

Hope's Bard and Mourning Freedom's Hope, lived and thought, A.D. MDCCCXXXII.,

While at the head of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland. Divinæ virtutis pietati amicitia.

It was placed there by a German named Adolphus Bach, who was his successor in the lodging, and who had jointly with him founded the Polish Association.

Neither must it be forgotten that he was chiefly instrumental in founding and esta-blishing the London University.

As one of the foremost men of the and country, Campbell was honoured during his time, and will receive the homage ing his time, and will receive the homage of the generations for which he wrought. Thrice he was Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow—the place of his birth: he was elected, it was said, "by a show of hearts;" it was "a sunburst of popular favour," and he valued it highly, as he had the right to do. For once, at least, a prophet received homour in his corn country. received honour in his own country.

To Campbell's personal appearance I have made some reference:—his large eyes, quivering lips, and delicate nostrils,—and also to his character, in so far as I was able to estimate it: both, however, have been treated by several of his contemporaries. treated by several of his contemporaries. The portrait by Lawrence, painted when the poet was in his prime, was his favourite. It ever gave him great delight. "When I look at it," he said, "I seem to be viewing myself in the looking-glass of heaven." Lockhart thus describes him:—"Thomas Campbell has a poor skull upwards compared with what one might have looked for in him; but the lower part of the forehead is exquisite, and the features are extremely good, though tiny." He is thus pictured by Leigh Hunt:—"His face and person were rather on a small scale, his features regular, his eye lively and penetrating; were rather on a small scale, his features regular, his eye lively and penetrating; and when he spoke, dimples played about his mouth, which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it." Leigh Hunt also speaks of his "high and somewhat strained voice, like a man speaking with suspended breath, and in the habit of subduing his feelings."

The following is from the pen of Mr. Carruthers, of Inverness, the accomplished editor of "Pope," &c.:—
"He was generally careful as to dress, and had none of Dr. Johnson's indifference and had none of Dr. Johnson's indifference to fine linen. His wigs were always nicely adjusted, and scarcely distinguishable from natural hair. His appearance was interesting and handsome. Though rather below the middle height, he did not seem little, and his large dark eye and countenance bespoke great sensibility and acuteness. His thin quivering lip and delicate nostril were highly expressive."

Redding says that Byron's description of Campbell, in 1813, is correct, regarding the poet down as late as 1835 or 1836; i.e., "Campbell looks well—seems pleased, and dresses sprucely. A blue coat becomes him; so does his new wig. He really looks as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit or a

wedding garment, and was witty and lively."
Leigh Hunt describes him as "a merry companion overflowing with humour and anecdote;" and so, indeed, he was reported by many of his familiar friends; but it is certain that his "merry" moods were only common after dinner, and, as one poetical associate said, "very unlike a Puritan he talked." Montgomery, who heard him lecture at the Royal Institution in 1812, thus speaks of him:—"He read from a paper before him, but in such an energetic manner. before him, but in such an energetic manner, and with such visible effect, as I should hardly have supposed possible. His statements were clear, his style elegant, and his reasoning conclusive." Haydon describes him as "bilious and shivering," and Redding records that "his natural character was the reverse of equality—the being of impulse in all." He grew bald when a mere youth, and a wig was adopted at the

Leigh Hunt relates that "Hook in one of his 'recitatives' alluded to a 'piece of village scandal,' of which Campbell was the subject. Campbell took it in good part, but having that evening drunk a little more wine than usual, he suddenly took off

his wig, and darted it at Hook, exclaiming, 'You dog, I'll throw my laurels at you.' 'As an instance of his absence of mind, it is stated that posting off to Brighton to visit Horace Smith, and to spend a few days with the family he dearly loved, he suddenly discovered he had left all his money on his table at his lodgings, and posted back to town to get it.

When he spoke, as Leigh Hunt has re-

marked, "dimples played about his mouth, which nevertheless had something restrained and close in it, as if some gentle Puritan had crossed the breed and left a stamp on his face—such as we see in the female Scotch face rather than the male."

Scotch face rather than the male."

Dr. Beattie touches very lightly on "his infirmity,"—"a habit which he condemned in others, but could not conquer in himself." It is understood, indeed, that he had to struggle against that unhappy tendency from the time he was twenty years old. A very little was for him too much; "hence," it is said, "what would have been only moderation in other men was little else than excess in him."

At the memorable dinner of the Literary

At the memorable dinner of the Literary At the memorable dinner of the Literary Fund, at which the good Prince Albert presided (on the 11th May, 1842) the two poets, Campbell and Moore, had to make speeches. The author of "The Pleasures of Hope," heedless of the duty that devolved upon him, had "confused his brain." Moore came in the evening of that day to our house; and I well remember the terms of true sorrow in which he spoke of the lamentable impression that one of the great authors of the age must have left on the mind of the royal chairman, then new

In 1842, when he was barely sixty-four, Time was not dealing gently with him. He conversed less freely; his spirits came in jerks, so to speak; and in company he was often silent and thoughtful; he walked feebly; while "his countenance was strongly marked with an expression of languor and anxiety." His memory grew treacherous,

Originally it was intended to be named "The Campub," and to be associated with a club under that name time previously established at Glasgow.

^{*} Mr. Carruthers, who was present, informs me that Campbell was not tipsy, but he had an excited manner; the audience was impatient; and when the poet, after some preliminary words, began, "As Dugald Stewart says," they coughed him down; he got confused, made two or three attempts to continue his speech, "As Dugald Stewart says," but failed utterly. Mr. Carruthers adds, "I diend with him next day; he said he had not intended to speak long, nor to touch on politics (which some of the company seemed to be afraid of), but that two or three blackguards could spoil a large meeting,"

and he had the characteristics of premature

old age

To the wonder of his friends, for the event was unaccountable (and it was certainly in opposition to the advice of his friend and physician), he went to reside at Boulogne, removing his books from his then residence in Victoria Square (No. 8), Pimlico. Infirmities increased upon him; he avoided all intercourse with fellow men, and sought a comfortless and diseased soli-tude, having none of that consolation which religion gives at all times, but especially when the mind's eye sees the open grave. He was, in short, to borrow a line of his own,-

In June, 1844, his ever dear and constant friend, Dr. Beattie, was at his bedside; but the hand of death was on him. The good doctor writes,—"The most that can be done to treat with the inexorable besieger, and obtain a surrender on as easy terms as we

On the 15th of that month, his mortal put on immortality. He had been attended by a clergyman, and had joined in prayer. "We shall see ——to-morrow!" naming a long-departed friend, he said, and left carth

earth.

Dr. Beattie, who stood beside him, adds, "The last sound he uttered was a short faint shriek, such as a person utters at the sudden appearance of a friend—expressive of pleasure and surprise. This may seem fanciful," he adds, "but I know of nothing else that it might be said to resemble."

The picture he presented in death—the features in cold placid relief,—"was that of a wearied pilgrim resting from his labours; a deep untroubled repose." The good doctor writes thus: "seldom has death assumed an aspect so attractive, and often as it has been my lot to contemplate, under various circumstances, the features of the dead, I have rarely, if ever, beheld anything like the air of sublimity that now invests

like the air of sublimity that now invests the face of the deceased."

And thus he describes the dwelling of the poet after the spirit had left it:—"There lay the breathless form of him who had impressed all sensitive hearts with the magic influence of his genius, the hallowed glow of his poetry, the steady warmth of his patriotism, the unwearied labours of his billanthropy: the man whom I had seen philanthropy; the man whom I had seen under many varieties of circumstances; in public the observed of all observers; in private the delight of his circle; the pride of his country, the friend of humanity; now followed with acclamations, now visited with sorrows; struggling with difficulties or soured with disappointments; then striv-ing to seek repose in exile, and here finding it in death."

it in death."

An interesting incident is recorded by the same liberal hand. The old nurse was a French soldier's widow. She twined a chaplet of laurel, with which, as a mark of homage, she asked leave to encircle the Poet's brow. The day was the 18th of June, the anniversary of Waterloo. With that chaplet on his head, he was laid in his coffin. Its leaves are now with his honoured dust in Westminster Abbev. For in Westcomn. Its leaves are now with his honoured dust in Westminster Abbey. For in Westminster Abbey, on the 15th July, he was buried. His pall was borne by the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Brougham, Lord Leigh, Lord Dudley Stuart, Lord Campbell, Lord Morpeth,

Viscount Strangford, and Sir Robert Peel; and the grave that received his remains was surrounded by a throng of poets and

men of letters—his contemporaries.

Well do I remember that day and that august assemblage—in the Jerusalem cham-ber famous for centuries—memories inscribed on every dark oak panel of that solemn room, for the mind's eye to read!

There they waited the coming of the dead! -illustrious mourners many of them, whose own resting-places were foreshadowed there, under the fretted roof of England's proudest mausoleum of her heroes of pen and sword. It was a dark and gloomy day,-

"The sun's eye had a sickly glare."

There was solemn and impressive silence; every footfall had a sound; as we followed the poet Milman, who read the touching burial service for the dead. And in Poet's Corner they placed Thomas Campbell. A least the order of the control of the cont lengthened pause preceded the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" there advanced from the throng a Polish officer, one of the many of his unhappy nation there assembled. He dropped upon the coffin-lid some earth gathered for the purpose from the grave of Kosciusko. The effect was startling; but it became a thrill—the hearts of all there present beating audibly—when of all there present beating audibly—when immediately afterwards, as the venerable Dean uttered the words, "I heard a voice from heaven," a thunderclap shook the old abbey—aisles, pillars, and roof. He paused; the pause continued full a minute, and as the awful sound subsided, the assembly heard the sentence finished—"they rest from their labours!" *

OBITUARY.

GODFREY SYKES.

To everyone acquainted with the works To everyone acquainted with the works that have, during the last few years, been carried on at the South Kensington Museum, the name of Mr. Godfrey Sykes must be quite familiar. His death, which occurred on the 28th of February, will prove a heavy loss to that establishment.

He was born in Sheffield about the year 1895 and having pressed through the results.

1825, and having passed through the various grades of student and pupil-teacher in the Government School of Art in that town, was appointed to the post of head-master. From Sheffield Mr. Sykes was invited to London to assist in carrying out the late Prince Consort's plans for the building in the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington, and he undertook the decoration of the late Captain Fowke's arcades in the gardens. The work gave an impetus to the revival of terra-cotta for ornamental purposes, and this material has subse-quently been employed to a considerable extent in the large hotels at Charing Cross, Richmond, and elsewhere. But Mr. Sykes's most important work is a series of columns now being erected in front of the new Lec-ture Hall in the South Kensington Museum. Just before his death, he had nearly ma-

sun;
Who shall mourn so well as Nature when a Poet's course is run?

tured the designs for the decoration in Matured the designs for the decoration in Majolica of the new refreshment rooms at the
Museum. Besides being a sculptor and a
modeller, with a fine sense of proportion in
architecture, he was also a skilful painter.
As a decorative artist he made the great
Italian masters, Michel Angelo, Raffaelle,
and their predecessors, his models, yet
without any servile imitation of them, for
he was a man of independent thought, well
able to originate ideas.

In realising the loss to decorative art
which his death occasions, it is satisfactory
to know that he has instilled his principles

to know that he has instilled his principle into the minds of many of his pupils, who are well able to work out the numerous signs he has left for the completion of the ornamental details at South Kensington. He has also left behind him a design for a terra-cotta monument to be erected over the grave of Mulready, in Kensal Green

Cemetery.

Mr. Sykes was buried in the cemetery at Brompton; almost the whole of the principal officials of the Kensington Museum, with a large number of students and others, testified their esteem for him by attending the funeral.

JOHN THOMPSON.

Scarcely had the grave closed over the remains of the late William Harvey, when remains of the late William Harvey, when the papers announced the death, on the 20th of February, of Mr. John Thompson, whose name has been as long and as pro-minently associated with that of book-illustrations as was Harvey's. Contem-poraneous during almost half-a-century in their labours—though these were different in their nature, the latter being chiefly a designer on wood, and the former a wood-engraver—they have almost simultaneously engraver—they have almost simultaneously ceased from their life-works, and gone to their rest full of years and honours

John Thompson was born May 25th, 1785. He was the son of a London merchant, but evincing at an early age a greater taste for Art than for the duties of the counting-house, his father placed him with the elder Branston to learn the art of wood-engraving, whose style, however, he did not follow, but formed one for himself, as every young artist of genius desires and endeavours to do. It is the bane, and almost the ruin, of many a tyro in Art, that he falls down and worships some idol which another has set up, instead of cre-ating one for himself, which shall possess a distinctive character and beauty of its own. Thompson wisely chose the latter course, and found his reward in it; in the early part of his career both drawing and en-graving numerous illustrations for juvenile graving numerous illustrations for juvenile and other books. Among the friends and fellow-labourers of this period of his life was John Thurston, the designer, mentioned by Mr. Fairholt in the notice of William Harvey, which appeared in our March number. Thompson held Thurston March number. Thompson held Thurston in great esteem, and always attributed the proficiency he attained in his profession to the encouragement, sound instruction, and unvarying kindness he received from him. Some idea of the "business" relations existing between the two may be formed from the fact that Thompson engraved, with his own hand, more than nine hundred of Thurston's designs for books printed at the Chiswick Press, at that time an esta-blishment in great repute. Included in these were "The London Theatre," with these were "The London Theatre," with five hundred illustrations, commenced in 1814, and completed in 1818; Fairfax's "Tasso," published in 1817—the whole of the blocks for this latter work were after-wards destroyed in the fire that occurred

^a Mr. Carruthers sends me this preboding passage from one of Campbell's letters to him, dated April 13, 1843:—
"Two days ago, I returned from Edinburgh, after attending the funeral of my sister. The journey has shaken me more than journey over did."

[•] This startling incident is thus referred to in a poem of surpassing beauty, "The Interment of Thomas Campbell," written by Theodore Martin:—

Louder yet and yet more loudly let the organ's thu

rise, Hark, a louder thunder answers, deepening inwards to the skies,— Heaven's majestic diapason, pealing as from east to west, Never grander music anthem'd Poet to his home of rest."

The gloom of that memorable day also is thus alluded to:-There is sadness in the heavens, and a veil against the

at Bensley's printing-office—and "Puckle's Club," of which only some of the blocks were executed by Thompson.

In 1818 he engraved a series of woodcuts for an edition of Butler's "Hudibras," after drawings by Thurston; and also the diploma of the Royal Highland Society, from a design by Benjamis West, the then Pro-

ploma of the Royal Highland Society, from a design by Benjamin West, the then President of the Royal Academy.

From 1819 to 1821 Mr. Thompson was occupied at the Bank of England. In consequence of the numerous forgeries of the old one-pound bank-notes, he, in conjunction with the late Professor Cowper, of King's College, and Mr. Applegath, was engaged in producing a note which a forger would find it difficult to imitate; but as the Bank finally decided to return to cash payments, these notes were never issued.

the Bank finally decided to return to cash payments, these notes were never issued.

We next find Thompson employed, in 1826, in engraving the designs, by Stothard, Corbould, and W. Harvey, for Singer's edition of Shakspere, published at the Chiswick Press; and about the same time of spirits for Michael of the chiswick Press; and about the same time of spirits for Michael of the same time. time a series of subjects, for Michaud, of Paris, illustrative of the works of Delille. It may here be mentioned that Thompson's rengravings were held in such repute in France, that for many years he was extensively employed by the publishing houses of Paris, upon designs by Paul Delaroche, Tony Johannot, Déveria, Jules David, Grandville, Ary Scheffer, and Horace Verset. We have heard found at first Grandville, Ary Scheffer, and Horace Vernet. Vernet, we have heard, found at first some difficulty in drawing upon wood; but, determined to obtain the mastery over the material, he shut himself up in his studio for several days, and at length succeeded in overcoming all obstacles, and eventually acquired great facility with his lead-pencil. And while speaking of Mr. Thompson's foreign reputation, we may add that some years ago the Prussian Government was very solicitous that he should settle in that country, an offer which was declined. At the Paris International Exposition of 1855 he was awarded the Grand Medal of Honour for woodengraving—the only one given to this branch of Art.

Many of the designs of that inimitable

engraving—the only one given to this branch of Art.

Many of the designs of that inimitable humorist, George Cruikshank, received ample justice from Thompson's graver; as, for example, 'The Gentleman in Black,' 'More Mornings in Bow Street,' 'John Gilpin,' &c. Among the more prominent of his later productions—and he worked laboriously till within two years of his death — may be instanced Shakspere's Seven Ages, from designs by Mulready, Callcott, Collins, Wilkie, and others, published by Van Voorst; Rogers's "Italy and other Poems," from designs by Stothard and Sir E. Landseer, published by Moxon; Berger's "Leonore," from designs by Maclise; T. Campbell's Poems, from designs by W. Hatvey; "Sir Roger de Coverley," from designs by F. Tayler, published by Longman; "The Vicar of Wakefield," from Mulready's designs, published by Van Voorst; engravings for Longman's edition of Thomson's "Seasons;" for Cadell's edition of the "Waverley Novels;" for Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads," published by J. Murray; for Goldsmith's Poems, published by Longman; for Tennyson's Poems, published dartists of our day, including Stothard, Wilkie, Mulready, Callcott, Chalon, Leslie, Maclise, Cope, Redgrave, J. C. Horsley, Frost, Creswick, Millais, Holman Hunt, R. S. Lauder, W. Harvey, &c. &c. Out of the range of pictorial art, and also out of the ordinary practice of the

wood-engraver, Mr. Thompson engraved, on brass, the design, by Mulready, for the old penny-postage envelope, and the figure of Britannia, on steel, which appears at the present time on the circulation notes of the Bank of England.

The bare enumeration of the works we have mentioned shows how diligently through his long protracted life Thompson pursued his favourite employment; and an examination of any of his woodcuts will testify to his artistic skill and feeling. His last engraving—executed within two years of his death, and in the seventy-ninth year of his age—was 'The Death of Dundee in the Pass of Killiecrankie,' from one of a series of drawings by Noel Paton, R.S.A., illustrating Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." Cavaliers. Any one who takes the trouble to refer to the Art-Journal for 1864 (p. 19), will see this vigorous yet delicate example

of engraving.

Mr. Thompson was one who made it his business through life to study the works of others, especially those of Albert Durer, Callot, Bartolozzi, Goltzius, Waterloo, Rembrandt, Weirotter, and others; these, with a book on anatomy, were his constant com-panions in the studio. He was a great reader, his mind was well stored with hisreader, his mind was well stored with historical and biographical knowledge, and his recollection of great men and great events during the last sixty years was most surprising and entertaining; his memory and all his faculties never deserted him, even at his advanced age. In 1853, when approaching his seventieth year, he delivered a course of lectures on the History and Practice of Wood-engraving at the Department of Science and Art.

Mr. Thompson married early in life—at

Mr. Thompson married early in life the age of twenty-one—Harriott, daughter of Anthony Eaton, Esq., of Snitterton Hall, Derbyshire, by whom he had eight children, Derbyshire, by whom he had eight children, of whom five survive him. One of his sons is Mr. C. Thurston Thompson—named after the father's old friend, Thurston the designer—official photographer to the Science and Art Department, South Kensington; another son is Mr. Richard A. Thompson, also well known as an officer of the Science and Art Department, and for his connection. and Art Department, and for his connection with the great International Exhibitions that have taken place.

ALFRED NEWMAN.

The death of this artist, one of our most skilful delineators of architecture on stone, occurred on the 13th of March, after a short illness, and at the comparatively early age of thirty-nine. Mr. Newman was a pupil of the late Mr. George Hawkins, whose of the late Mr. George Hawkins, whose lithographic works, especially those of ecclesiastical architecture, have always been favourably recognised for their truth, beauty, and delicacy of treatment; his pupil was a worthy follower of the master, and by his industry and taste has left works behind him that testify of both.

Though prestically expect in all the styles.

Though practically expert in all the styles Though practically expert in all the styles of architecture, he particularly delighted in the boundless variety which the Gothic offers to the artist; among the works his graceful pencil left behind as illustrative of this style, we may mention 'Beverley Minster,' Johnson's "Relics of Ancient English Architecture," W. E. Nesfield's "Mediseval Architecture," and several subjects in Shaw's "Continental Sketches," with others. These would be no unimportant result of an ordinary lifetime, but portant result of an ordinary lifetime, but when they remain as the memorial of a term that seemed but half spent, we cannot but lament what appears so untimely an

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASCOW.—The Industrial Exhibition in this city, organised by the Working Men's Club, was closed on the 31st of March after a prosperous existence of four months. All the details of arrangement were carried out by working men, who, however, in the Scientific and Fine Art departments received the aid of Mr. Heath Wilson and other gentlemen in the hanging of the paintings and the classification of the geological, zoological, and other collections. The strictly industrial contributions to the Exhibition were arranged on the ground floor, and consisted mostly of models of steamengines, all in motion, and miniature steam ships, a number of which daily navigated an artificial pond placed in the centre of the hall. The three galleries surmounting the ground floor were filled respectively with natural history specimens, with illustrations of the curious in art, including ancient coins, weapons, dress, &c., and with paintings and sculpture by professionals and amateurs. The attendance of visitors since the opening of the Exhibition far exceeded expectation, no fewer than 200,000 people having been admitted, 25,000 of them during the New Year holidays. Besides these, 10,000 school-children were admitted at a reduced rate, and the inmates of nearly every charitable institution in the city visited the rooms free of charge. After clearing all expenses the committee find themselves in pos-

reduced rate, and the inmates of nearly every charitable institution in the city visited the rooms free of charge. After clearing all expenses the committee find themselves in possession of about £1,200. Of this sum £100 will be expended in prizes to exhibitors, and the remainder lies meanwhile in the coffers of the Working Men's Club.

BRIGHTON.—The new picture-galleries in the Pavilion in connection with the Museum being now completed, the town council has resolved that the paintings which belong to the corporation shall be removed to the new galleries.

PLYMPTON.—The project for placing a memorial window of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the church of this place appears not to meet with the success it deserves: the amount actually subscribed has not as yet reached £12. In the event of ultimate failure,—which ought not to be,—the trustees of the "Reynolds" fund will, in all probability, ask the donors' permission to carry the contributions to the "Church Restoration" fund; in the event of non-compliance they would, of course, be returned to the subscribers.

Readding.—In our report, last month, of the School of Art in this town, it was erroneously

READING.—In our report, last month, of the School of Art in this town, it was erroneously stated that the establishment was under the direction of Mr. Macdonald. We have been informed that the head-master is, and has been since its foundation, Mr. C. R. Havell.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

Rome.—The Builder reported a short time since that,—"The Via Appia has been anew excavated at a spot known by the name of Santa Maria Nouva, at the expense of Count Tyszkiewicz; the researches have led to the discovery of a draped statue of considerable merit. In laying bare a tomb, remarkable for its peculiar interior disposal, the explorers found a mosaic pavement representing a rather uncommon subject, viz., a skeleton reposing on a mosaic pavement representing a rather uncommon subject, viz., a skeleton reposing on a couch, with the inscription in Greek letters which Socrates had observed on the Temple of Apollo, at Delphi, 'Know thyself.' Near the spot were also found colossal fragments of architectural ornaments, supposed to have formed part of a splendid tomb of the Antonine period." An International Fine Art Exhibi-

Berlin.—An International Fine Art Exhibition is to take place in Berlin during the month of September; to include the works of painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, and lithographers.

NATAL.—The editor of the Times of Natal writes us word that a vein of the purest white marble has recently been discovered on the banks of the river Umzimculu, which runs be-

tween Natal and the newly-annexed territory now called Alfred County. The discoverer, Dr. Sutherland, Surveyor General, reports that the vein extends over an area of thirty miles, and that it runs down to the river in cliffs of great height. It is situated about six miles from the sea, the Umximculu being navigable for small craft up to the point. This matter may ultimately prove to be one of considerable importance to sculptors, and others engaged on Art-works. Art-works.

Art-works.

Canada.—Mr. Lockwood, a painter in crayons, died in the Marine Hospital, in Quebec, the "Ancient Capital," on the 5th of February. His pictures, which were chiefly portraits, are noted for their artistic merits, and their truthfulness to nature. He visited England a few years ago, and while there attracted considerable notice.—The Fine Art Association of Montreal is about to establish a school of Design. The Annual Exhibition of pictures and works of Art, in connection with school of Design. The Annual Exhibition of pictures and works of Art, in connection with the association, promises to be more than usually attractive this year. Mr. Otto R. Jacobi, a German artist, for many years resident in Montreal, has been commissioned to paint a water-colour picture of the bluff at Ottawa City, which is crowned by the Parliament buildings. A chromo lithograph of the picture is to be executed in the best style of Art, in London; and each subscriber to the association is to receive a copy of it.—Mr. Napoleon Bourassa, a Montreal artist, is at present engaged in painting a picture, which will contain portraits of all the leading men of America, from the time of Columbus down. Rumour says we may expect to see it in the Rumour says we may expect to see it in the picture-gallery of the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa.

A GOLDSMITH'S STUDIO AND WORKSHOP.

DURING a recent visit to Birmingham our attention was directed to one of the establishments there—that of Messrs. W. and J. RANDRL—as supplying evidence of the good that may be, in many ways, effected by judicious care of the workman on the part of the master. No doubt there are similar cases; for in most of our manufacturing towns the old principle has been abrogated—which taught the employer that it was sound policy to "get as much as he could" out of the employed; and men have learned the wisdom as well as the justice of consideration and benevolence. As, however, it has been our fortunate chance to visit Messrs. Randels' establishment, we limit our observa-DURING a recent visit to Birmingham our atten-

tion and benevolence. As, however, it has been our fortunate chance to visit Messrs. Randels' establishment, we limit our observations to them, and have much satisfaction in describing what we have seen.

The Works are new; the building has therefore all the advantage that can be derived from knowledge based on experience. The architect, while he has given due thought to elegance for the building is exteriorly one of much architectural beauty—has successfully laboured so to distribute the several offices and work-rooms, as to provide for the comfort and convenience of the large number of persons employed; avoiding all over-crowding, and especially caring for ample ventilation. Notwithstanding the heat requisite for their operations, and the necessity of preventing side-draughts, the roof of the principal workshop is so constructed as to secure a free circulation of air; and there can be no doubt that the artisans who here labour do so under far more auspicious circumstances than if they were working in their own rooms.

The greater workshop, at which about one hundred and fifty men and women are engaged.

working in their own rooms.

The greater workshop, at which about one hundred and fifty men and women are engaged, is overlooked from the principal offices, where the masters and the clerks do their work; the one being separated from the other by a huge "curtain" of plate-glass. "The master's eye" is therefore continually over the workers; to the benefit as well as the encouragement of

The novel and valuable feature in this establishment, however, is that which has brought it under our notice—a "studio" on the premises, in which the workmen are provided with

facilities for improving their minds, in Art, by examining and copying good models supplied to them for the purpose. Twice in every week those of the workmen who please—and many of them do please—may study and draw here, in a large and well-lit and well-ventilated room, on the desks and along the walls of which are placed a variety of lithograph engravings and photographs, having especial reference to the calling in which they are engaged. It was very pleasant to see evidence of the good thus accomplished; that those whose hands were busy in the workshop, producing "things of beauty" that were to be scattered over the world, are, evening after evening, striving, and successfully, to comprehend the meaning, the purpose, and the history of the forms they are adopting and adapting.

There are many things besides "Mercy" that are "twice bleased." There can be no doubt that the manufacturer who cares for the mental as well as the moral culture of the

mental as well as the moral culture of the mersons he employs will "find his account in it." If it be advantageous to them it will be profitable to him: the workman is sure to do his work better when he knows what he is about; not only because he ceases to be a mere mechical the sure has because he according machine at labour, but because he eases to be a mere machine at labour, but because he ascertains, by examining what others have done, that which he may do, and how near he can approach the models in which he sees—to appreciate—excellence.

ciate—excellence.

This common-place truth applies to every branch of manufacture, but has especial force in reference to that of the goldsmith. The artisan who works on the precious metals and with rare gems, has peculiar need of an intelligence beyond that of the ordinary labourer. We may assume that this conviction has influenced a large number of the master goldsmiths of Birmingham; for it is beyond question that a marvellous improvement—scarcely to be credited except by those who can compare its issues of to-day with those of twenty, or even ten, years ago—characterises

scarcely to be credited except by those who can compare its issues of to-day with those of twenty, or even ten, years ago—characterises all the productions of that busy and prosperous town; from the jewel valued at hundreds of pounds to the pin or brooch that costs in the making and material but a penny.*

Those who are not old can remember when a Birmingham "jewel" was a subject of scorn; it was "Brummagem," and that was enough. The reproach has been entirely removed. Birmingham now competes with London, and undoubtedly two-thirds of the stock of every jeweller in Great Britain has passed through such an establishment as that we are describing—in Birmingham.

At present we withhold, or rather postpone, details concerning the productions of Messrs. Randel. We shall ere long refer to them in an article we are preparing to compare the Artissues of Birmingham in 1866 with those of an early date—yet a date no earlier than 1844, when we first made acquaintance with them. The plan we have long pursued in the Artisance of a property of assections the arts of manufacture.

when we first made acquaintance with them. The plan we have long pursued in the Art. Journal—of associating the arts of manufacture with the Fine Arts—was commenced in Birmingham about the period to which we refer; to us, therefore, the improvements we have lately witnessed are especially gratifying; and it will be a pleasant duty to describe them, in the several departments—and they are numerous—for which the great town is famous all the world over.

In reference to the interesting establishment

In reference to the interesting establishment of Messrs. Randel, it is only requisite now to add of Messrs. Randel, it is only requisite now to add that their productions are of great excellence; that they study the appliances placed at their service by the "authorities" of all ages and countries, and that they have adopted, or are striving to adopt, every available means of placing their works among the foremost in Great Britain. They have the aid and super-intendence of an accomplished practical artist, Mr. J. J. Allen; and, as we have shown, their supremacy is derived also from care to educate their workmen.

* On the occasion of inaugurating the studio of Messrs. Randel, Mr. J. S. Wright, in reference to the enormous increase of the trade of Birmingham in jewellers' work, said that in 1830, it did not furnish occupation for more than one thousand persons; at the present time there were more than twenty thousand persons actually engaged in or dependent upon it for a livelihood.

THE CASTELLANI COLLECTIONS OF WORKS OF

ANCIENT AND MEDIÆVAL ART.

In accordance with the intention, which we announced in our general notice of these remarkable collections in the Art Journal for last month, we now place before our readers a more particular description of certain of the works of both ancient and mediæval Art, which

more particular description of certain of the works of both ancient and mediæval Art, which attracted our special attention on the occasion of a visit to Signor Castellani at Paris.

It will be remembered that Signor Castellani had brought with him to Paris large collections of ancient vases, bronzes and terra-cottas, chiefly the results of his own excavations in Magna Grecia and Etruria, and in part the discoveries of his friends; a very curious group of Cypriote statuettes, and a few miscellaneous relics of the artists of antiquity; also a second series of collections, all of them productions of the artists of the middle ages and of the Italian Renaissance, and comprising sculptures in terra-cotta, in marble, in ivory and wood; bronses; Gobelins tapestries; and examples of the fictile faïences of Urbino, Gubbio, Castelli, &c., with various characteristic specimens of the best early glass of Venice. All these collections were exhibited both privately and publicly at Paris, and subsequently sold there by publica auction in the course of the first week of the last month. The great interest that was excited in these collections by the high reputation enjoyed by Signor Castellani, was enhanced by the singular excellence of the catalogue, which was prepared with the utmost care by the distinguished Parisian antiquary and savant, the Baron J. de Witte, Member of the Institute of France.

Foremost in Baron de Witte's catalogue, in

savant, the Baron J. de Witte, Member of the Institute of France.

Foremost in Baron de Witte's catalogue, in the place of honour pre-eminently its own, appears the Florentine statuette in terra-cotta, 'La Chantreuer,' a work of the second half of the fifteenth century, which perhaps may be assigned rather to a painter than to a sculptor of that era. The figure, a little more than 20 inches in height, stands in an attitude of simple and easy gracefulness, and the youthful singer holds in her hands the piece of music that she is in the act of executing with the deepest and purest feeling. Never was a portrait-statuette more perfect as a work of Art, more happily truthful in conveying its own purpose, and at the same time richer in varied suggestiveness. The artist, whoever he was, must have known that "singing girl" intimately and thoroughly, and he must have admired and loved her, for his portrait is an inspiration, not an effort—it is and he must have admired and loved her, for his portrait is an inspiration, not an effort—it is a most tender life-like rendering of a familiar and cherished image, and not even the most successful expression of thoughtful study. This delightful work is in admirable preservation; the colour of the terra-cotta is delicately beautiful; and all the details and accessories are made out with elaborate minuteness, while duly subordinated to that breadth and freedom of treatment which declare the touch of a master's hand. hand.

Amongst the finest of the other medieval works in these collections are, a beautiful Italian statuette in terra-cotta of Ceres, about A.D. 1576; another statuette in the same material, being a reduced copy of the well-known statue of St. George by Donatello, at Florence; and two other noble and spirited Florence; and two other noble and spirited models, executed in terra-cotta with singular artistic feeling and power, from great works by John of Bologna, the one his famous fountain at Bologna, and the other his equally celebrated group representing the visit of Ferdinand to Pisa after the plague had decimated that city; the figure of the prince in the latter work, in a complete suit of the richest armour, but bareheaded, is truly magnificent.

One work in marble demands particular notice. It is a 'Descent from the Cross,' sculptured in the form of a panel nearly 3 feet square, the figures in high relief, by Giovanni Omodei, of Pavia; and it came from the Convent of La Chartreuse at Pavia. This very remarkable work is rich in lessons of the utmost value to students of Art; and the same may be

said of two elaborately carved panels in wood, executed by Giovanni da Nola.

Amongst the medieval bronzes may be mentioned fine statuettes of the sixteenth century, by Italian artists, from the Venus di Medicis, and the equestrian statue at the Capitol of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius; also two heraldic lions, very spirited productions of the same era and country, with shields of arms of the Dukes of Este and Ferrara.

The collections of ancient Greek and Etruscan vases are remarkable for their numbers, their variety and comprehensiveness, their singular excellence, and their extraordinary freshness and preservation. These relics of arts that flourished between two and three thousand years ago are now almost exactly what they were when they left the artists' hands, the sole difference being here and there a few faint traces of the lapse of ages. They are absolutely safe, however, from all restoration, and from all that destruction which under the name of restoration so often and so unhapped accomplishes more ignerarable misching in the second

traces of the lapse of ages. They are absolutely safe, however, from all restoration, and from all that destruction which under the name of restoration so often and so unhappily accomplishes more irreparable mischief in a few hours than time would have wrought in thirty centuries. Too high commendation cannot be awarded to Signor Castellani for the excellent example that he has set forth in this matter, with all the weight of his authority, in these days of ruinous restorations.

Of the gem of all these vases we have already spoken—the splendid Nolan Hydria of Triptolemus and the Deities of Eleusis, discovered in 1829, and justly held to be one of the finest and most perfect examples of Greek ceramic art known to be in existence. The form of this exquisite work is absolutely faultiess; the groups of figures which encircle the vase are admirably drawn and arranged with masterly skill; the colours are rich and effective, and the varnish of lustrous brilliancy. Second only to this magnificent work are several other Amphoras and Hydrias, most of them found in the same apparently inexhaustible region, which exemplify in the most characteristic manner the best period of Greek Art. There are also numerous other equally characteristic examples both of the archaic period and of the period of the decadence; of these last several are of the peculiar form known as the Rhyton, and amongst them is one example, the most remarkable that has yet been discovered of its singular class. This Rhyton is in the form of the head of a horse, black, with its adornments and accessories in red, heightened with white, yellow and a violet-tint. The modelling of this curious vase (which was sold for £120) is very grand, and the tout ensemble of the figure closely resembles the famous bronze head in the Museum at Naples and also the horse's head impressed upon the coins of Campania.

While inferior to no known example of works of the same order, Signor Castellani's Nolan Hydria admits the existence of a few Greek vases of equal excellence wit

vases of equal excellence with itself: but, even this concession cannot be made by the grand Etruscan sarcophagus, the most important of the ancient terra-cottas in the Castellani collections. This extraordinary work knows no rival—unless some rival, still buried in some undiscovered sepulchral chamber, is awaiting the future researches of yet more fortunate explorers. Of large dimensions, this sarcophagus is enriched with groups of figures in the highest relief and of the first excellence as works of the sculptor's Art; and on its cover there of the sculptor's Art; and on its cover there rents a semi-recumbent effigy of most dignified aspect and expression, executed in a style which raises the claims of Etruscan Art to the most exalted standard. It sold for £400. We most exalted standard. It sold for £400. We must be content in concise general terms to record the distinguished artistic merits of many others of the ancient works in terra-cotta; together with the ancient bronzes, which in their own beautiful department of Art are as fine and in many instances as curious as any of the most precious treasures of the bronze-rooms of the most celebrated European Museums. The fine bronze statuette of Pomona, we are happy to add, has found a permanent home in our own British Museum.

Many of the works here spoken of realised very high prices at the sale.

MONUMENT TO MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. ROBERT BRUCE.

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY J. H. POLEY, R.A.

RARELY do we meet with Mr. Foley in the character of a monumental sculptor. His classic ideal works and his noble portrait figures have been seen and admired by thousands. They are among the glories of the English school of sculpture. But the church and the graveyard witness to his genius, as well as the palace of an empire's representatives, the mansion of the noble, and the public highway. The author of 'Ino and Bacchus,' of 'The Mother,' of 'Egeria,' Lord Hardinge, John Hampden, Goldsmith, and others—typical of the living—enters upon no sphere of action unsuited to him when d on to memorialise the dead in some quiet spot little frequented, and, therefore, where works of this kind are seen but by few. One such example of his sculptures, The Tomb Revisited, was engraved in the Art-Journal four or five years ago; another is introduced here.

It represents the upper portion of a monument to the memory of the late Hon. Robert Bruce, a descendant of the Scottish hero of the same name, and second son of Thomas, seventh Earl of Elgin and Kincar-dine, a nobleman well known in connection with Art, for to him the country is indebted for the famed Elgin Marbles, so named after him, in the British Museum. General Bruce held the responsible post of Governor to the Prince of Wales; and it was while travelling with his Royal Highness through the Holy Land that he was attacked by fever, of which on returning to England he died, at St. James's Palace, on the 27th of June, 1862, in the forty-ninth year of his

age.

The recumbent figure, with its companion, surmounts, as just said, the tomb. On the latter, three relieves appear. These very appropriately have reference to the Eastern journey undertaken by the Prince and his companion. The subjects are well chosen, and are treated with much poetical feeling. The first represents his Royal Highness setting forth on the expedition attended by his Governor and suite, habited as pilgrims. The second shows them standing on the Mount of Olives, in the sight of ing on the Mount of Olives, in the sight of Jerusalem, the General pointing out to his youthful fellow-traveller the various objects of historic interest spread out before them. In the third, the two principal figures are seen as having exchanged positions. The younger traveller appears gently and affectionately ministering to his fever-stricken friend and guide—a touching incident, serving as the key-note to the monument itself.

itself.

The group we have engraved commends itself, altogether irrespective of its execution,—and there is nothing which comes out of the studio of this most conscientious sculptor, but is perfect in this respect,—by the simplicity and elegance of the composition. In the act of taking a final embrace of the dead is his bereaved wife, veiled, and costumed in garments which, by their comparatively thin texture, and the [graceful attitude given to her by the sculptor, display the delicate feminine form of the mourner. The refined taste which has dictated the entire work is too obvious to require comment. require comment.

The monument, a commission from the widow of Major-General Bruce, is to be placed in Dunfermline Abbey, the burial-place of the kings of Scotland, subsequent to that of the celebrated Iona, and where King Robert Bruce was interred.

PICTURE SALES.

With the months of spring comes the revival of business in the rooms in King Street, St. James's, in Pall Mall, and elsewhere, especially devoted to the sale of works of Art. This year the season began somewhat early, and promi

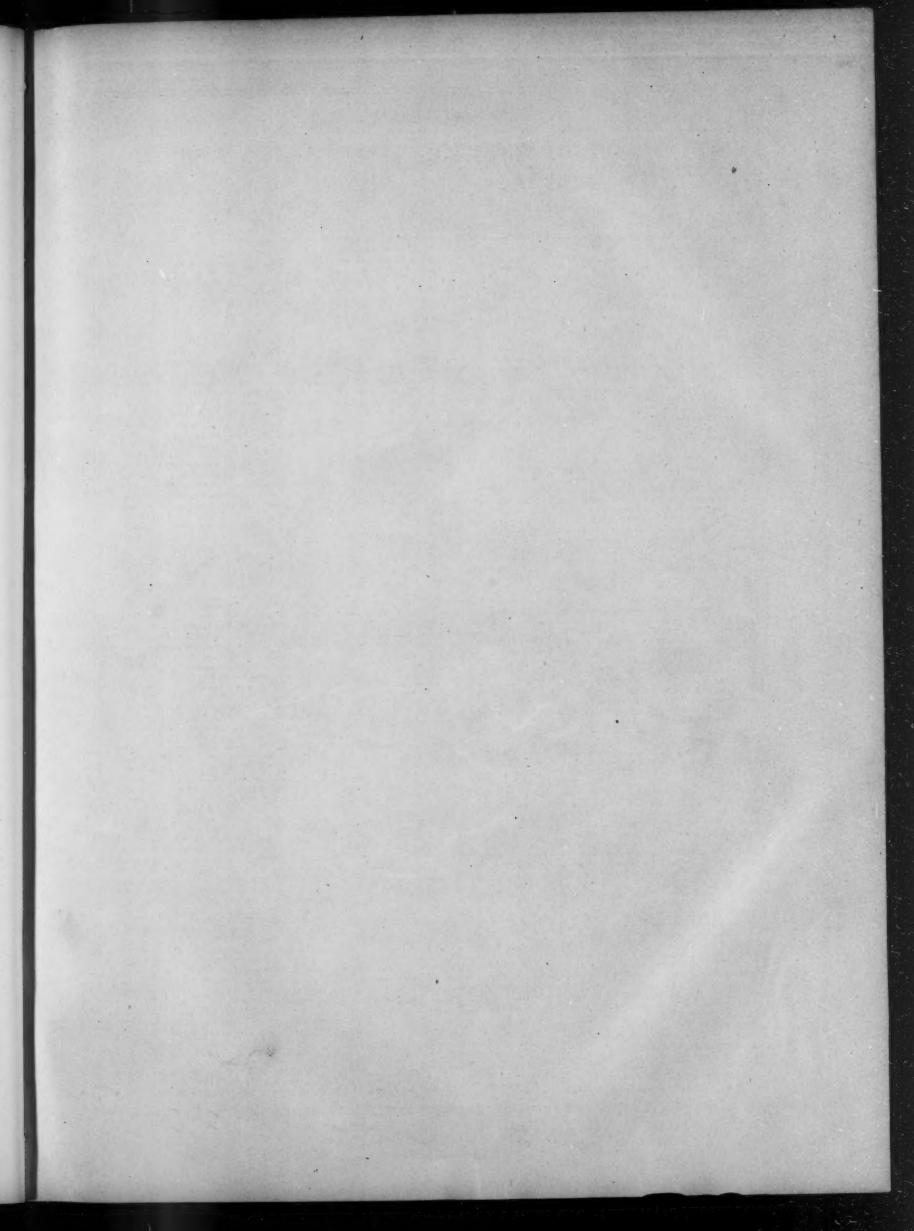
devoted to the sale of works of Art. This year the season began somewhat early, and promises to be productive; but, judging from the announcements already made, not so much so as in other periods within our recollection. There is, however, in all probability, much more to follow the sales already advertised.

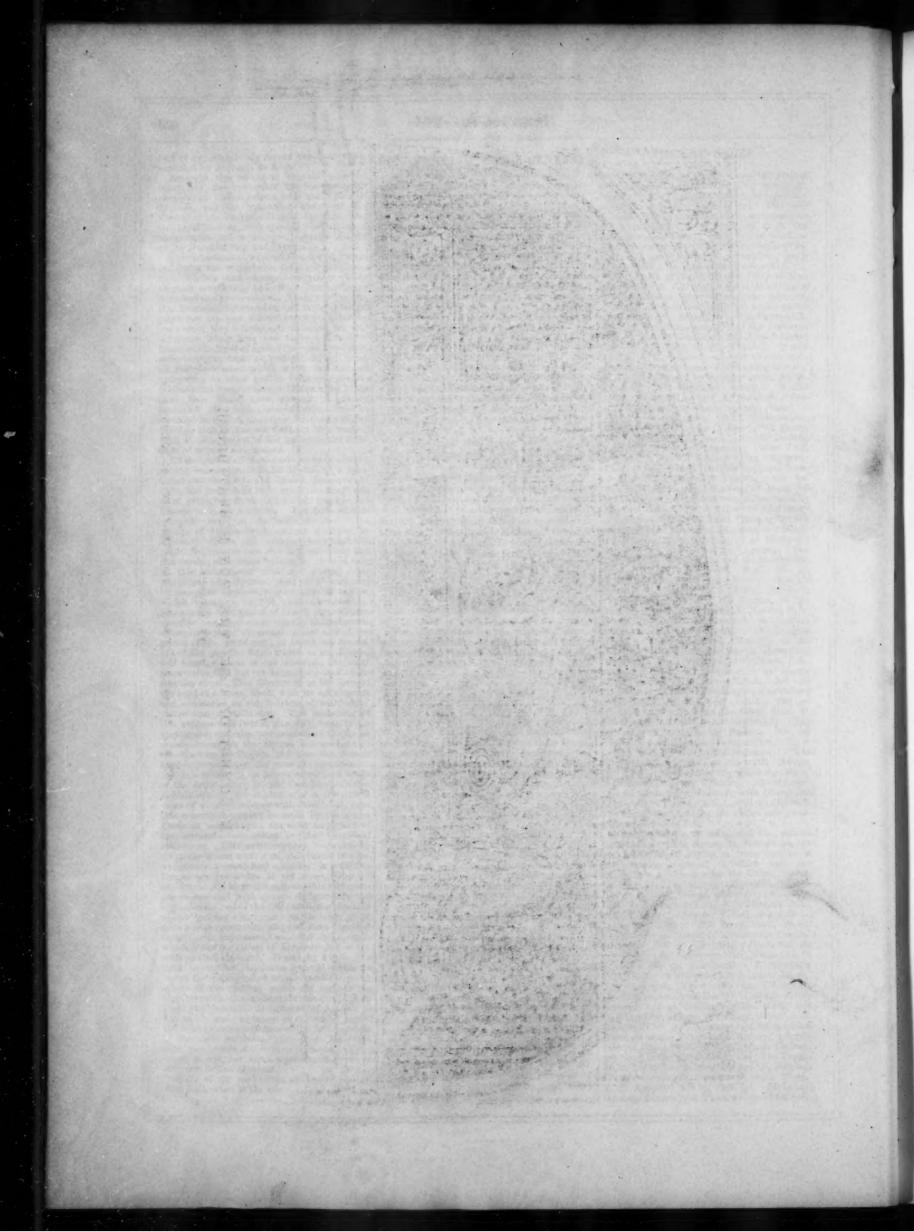
On the 14th of March Messrs. Foster sold, at their gallery in Pall Mall, a valuable collection of oil-paintings and water-colour pictures, including a few of the latter belonging to the late Rev. W. W. Soames, Vicar of Greenwich. The more prominent examples of the drawings were:—'The Woodcutter's Mealtime,' Birket Foster, very small, 86 gs. (Vokins); 'Rustic Cottage, with Children,' another 'Rustic Cottage,' and 'View near Winchester—Sunset,' three little drawings by the same artist, 250 gs. (Paterson); 'A Brittany Interior,' Walter Goodall, 96 gs. (Lloyd). Mr. Soames's collection, though small, was of a high class; it contained:—'Cross in the Market-place, Rouen,' S. Prout, 100 gs. (Vokins); 'St. Pierre, Caen, Normandy,' S. Prout, a noble drawing of large size, 365 gs. (Agnew); 'West Cliff, Brighton,' Copley Fielding, 65 gs. (Agnew); 'Views of Seaford and the Cliffs from near Newhaven, Sussex,' Copley Fielding, 225 gs. (Vokins); 'Grapes and Bird's Nest,' W. Hunt, 150 Brighton, 'Copley Fielding, 65 gs. (Agnew); 'Views of Seaford and the Cliffs from near Newhaven, Sussex,' Copley Fielding, 225 gs. (Vokins); 'Grapes and Bird's Nest,' W. Hunt, 150 gs. (Vokins). These works were all purhased by their late owner from the gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours. Among the oilpictures sold at the same time were:—'Island of Galtinara,' G. E. Hering, 87 gs. (Hooper); 'Pet Doves,' W. Gale, 78 gs. (Agnew); 'The River Duddon in the Valley of the Seathwaite, Cumberland,' T. Creswick, R.A., 95 gs. (Miller); 'Sheep on the Downs; Kentish Coast,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.,'240 gs. (Hooper); 'A Neapolitan Beauty,' C. Baxter, 90 gs. (Lefebvre); 'Scottish Lovers,' D. Maclise, R.A., 400 gs. (Smith); 'The Rescued,' R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 275 gs. (McNaghten); 'The Leaping Horse,' J. Constable, R.A., formerly in the collection of Mr. Pemberton, 440 gs. (Simpson); 'The Signal in the Horizon,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 520 gs. (Lefebvre); 'Hesperus, or the Happy 'The Signal in the Horizon,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 520 gs. (Lefebvre); 'Hesperus, or the Happy Lovers,' J. Noel Paton, R.S.A., 500 gs. (Lefebvre); 'Summer Evening in Canterbury Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 250 gs. (Cox); 'Edinburgh, from the Castle Hill,' D. Roberts, R.A., 285 gs. (Quentin); 'The Relenting Creditor,' T. Brooks, 150 gs. (Simpson); 'Landscape, with Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 225 gs. (Richardson); 'The Conscript,' T. Goodall, R.A., small, 110 gs. (Lefebvre); 'Early Morning, Milking Time,' W. Linnell, 240 gs. (Marks); 'A Showery Day in Canterbury Meadows, with Sheep and Cattle,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 250 gs. (Revell). The amount realised by the entire sale somewhat exceeded £5,750.

Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Co., sold at

The amount realised by the entire sale somewhat exceeded £5,750.

Mesers. Christie, Manson, and Co., sold at the rooms in King Street, St. James's, on the 16th and 17th of March, a large number of pictures, the principal of which were the following:—'Soldiers after the Battle,' P. H. Calderon, A.R.A., 315 gs. (Worrell); 'Evening,' A. Gilbert, 105 gs. (Stewart); 'Cavaliers at the Gate of a Convent,' J. R. Herbert, R.A., 140 gs. (Lloyd); 'Repose,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 115 gs. (Anthony); 'The Trump Card,' W. H. Knight, 120 gs. (Lloyd); 'Minding the Cradle,' G. Smith, 120 gs. (Evans); 'Dordrecht on the Mans,' and 'Huy on the Meuse,' G. C. Stanfield, 150 gs. (Clarkson); 'A. Mountain Seene,' and its companion, 'A. River Scene,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 290 gs. (Worrell); 'Landscape, with Alderney Cattle,' J. F. Herring, 115 gs. (Catling); 'The Meet,' and its companion picture, 'Breaking Cover,' J. F. T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 290 gs. (Worrell); 'Landscape, with Alderney Cattle,' J. F. Herring, 115 gs. (Catling); 'The Meet,' and its companion picture, 'Breaking Cover,' J. F. Herring, 200 gs. (Catling); 'Distinguished Members of the Temperance Society,' a duplicate of the picture in the Vernon Gallery, engraved in the Art-Journal; and 'The Frugal Meal,' painted as its companion, J. F. Herring, 210 gs. (Catling); 'Landscape, with Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 140 gs. (McLean); 'Cottage Doorway,' E. Frère, 115 gs. (Fletcher);







MONUMENT OF GEN! THE HON ROBERT BRUCE. (UPPER PORTION)

ENGRAVED BY R. A. ARTLETT, FROM THE SCULPTURE BY J. H. FOLEY, R. A.



'Lady and Pet Dog.' C. Baxter, 120 gs. (Price); 'Landscape, with Cows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 190 gs. (Catling); 'Landscape, with a Windmill,' T. Creswick, R.A., 195 gs. (Cox); 'Rebecca,' W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., 150 gs. (Evans); 'Interior of a Church at Rouen,' D. Roberts, R.A., 160 gs. (McLean); 'View near the Coast of North Wales, with Pensants on the Road,' T. Creswick, R.A., 105 gs. (Fletcher); 'Catherine Seyton and Roland Græme,' J. Faed, R.S.A., 640 gs. (Addison); 'Lago d'Aosta,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 200 gs. (Graves); 'A Scene from Cymbetine,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 220 gs. (Graves); 'Cows in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 200 gs. (Fletcher); 'Interior, with a Mother and Child,' E. Frère, 115 gs. (Evans); 'The Origin of the Combing-machine,' A. Elmore, R.A., a small finished replies of the larger picture, 120 gs. (Flood); 'Flight of the Pagan Deities on the Dawn of Christianity,' F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., 325 gs. (Wallis); 'Cordelia,' and 'Regan,' a pair by J. R. Herbert, R.A., 160 gs. (Milner); 'A Summer's Day,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 215 gs. (Fletcher); 'Mount St. Michel, Normandy,' D. Roberts, R.A., 315 gs. (Swaith); 'Billingsgate Market,' G. E. Hicks, 305 gs. (Cox). The total proceeds of the sale were £10,775.

A collection of paintings, the property of Mr. Flatow, the well-known picture-dealer, was

sale were £10,775.

A collection of paintings, the property of Mr. Flatow, the well-known picture-dealer, was sold by Measrs. Christie and Co., on the 24th of March. Among them were:—'Ophelia,' A. L. Egg. R.A., £98 (Turner); 'Launce's Substitute for Proteus's Dog,' A. L. Egg. R.A., 700 gs. (Holmes); 'The Lady of Shalott,' T. Faed, R.A., £257 (Mackenzie); 'The Rustic Toilet,' T. Faed, R.A., 300 gs. (Payne); 'Reapers Going Out,' including copyright, T. Faed, R.A., 1,040 gs. (Halliday); 'The Conscript,' A. Solomon, £140 (Justerini and Brooks); 'Sheep and Cattle,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., £122 (Addison); 'March,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., £124 (Halliday); 'Sunshine and Shade,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., £376 (Agnew); 'On the Kentish Coast, Folkstone,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., £246 (Lewis); 'Inquiring the way to the Ferry,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., £300 (Holmes); 'The Gravel Pits,' W. F. Witherington, R.A., £87 (Graves); 'Reapers,' W. F. Witherington, R.A., £136 (Graves); 'The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' Marcus Stone, £157 (Broadhead); 'Bayswater, in 1812,' J. Linnell, £157 (Vokins); 'No Escape,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., £131 (Lewis); study for the shepherd in the picture of 'The Highland Drovers,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., £131 (Agnew); 'The Puritan Suitor,' J. Archer, R.S.A., £192 (Halliday); 'How the Little Lady sat to Velasquez,' J. Archer, R.S.A., £131 (Agnew); 'The Puritan Suitor,' J. Archer, R.S.A., £262 (Addington); 'Maggie, you're Cheating,' J. Archer, R.S.A., £199 (Fraser); 'Sierdam,' C. Stanfield, R.A., £436 (Fry); 'Wreck off Dunbar Castle,' 340 gs. (Mackenzie); 'A River Scene,' W. Mulready, R.A., £340 (Braithwaite); 'Waiting for the Stage-Coach,' T. Creswick, R.A., £111 (McLean); 'Across the Common,' T. Creswick, R.A., £199 (Fraser); 'Sierdam,' C. Stanfield, R.A., £435 (Fry); 'Wreck off Dunbar Castle,' 340 gs. (Holmes); 'A View in Sussex,' P. Nasmyth, £360 (Kranse); 'From the Crusades,' F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., £152 (Philpot); 'Viola and Olivia,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 300 gs. (Holmes); 'The Soldier's Return,' T. Webster, R.A A collection of paintings, the property of Mr. Flatow, the well-known picture-dealer, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Co., on the 24th of March. Among them were:—'Ophelia,' A.

R.A., 300 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Prayer in the Desert,' W. Müller, 360 gs. (Agnew); 'On the Welch Coast,' W. Müller, £257 (Halliday); 'Port Hoogan, North Wales,' W. Müller, £325 (Agnew); 'The Rugged Path,' P. F. Poole, R.A., £246 (Wheeler); 'The Rejected Tenant,' E. Nicol, £309 (Fraser); 'The Troubadour,' A. Elmore, R.A., 240 gs. (Patterson); 'The Cornfield,' W. Linnell, £283 (Stevenson); 'The Return to Port,' with the engraved Plate,—Isabey, £157 (McLean); 'Christ and the Rich Young Man,' H. Le Jeune, A.R.A., £178 (Graves); 'Coming of Age,' W. P. Frith, R.A., £1,464 (Agnew); 'View in Cumberland,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 980 gs. (Fraser); 'The Magic Deal,' D. Maclise, R.A., 140 gs. (Lewes).

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

This most interesting and instructive exhibition, illustrative of the history of our country, can receive at present but a brief review. It arose, as our readers are already aware, out of suggestions made a year ago by the Earl of Derby. The collection has the twofold object of elucidating English history, and the progress or decadence of English Art. It therefore contains works of widely different descriptions: firstly, portraits of illustrious characters, painted, it may be, by unillustrious artists; and, secondly, portraits of undistinguished people, executed, however, by most distinguished painters. Speaking generally, the collection is stronger under the first than the second of these categories. Scarcely, in fact, can be overrated the value which attaches to this vast array of England's kings, queens, statesmen, patriots, philosophers, and poets. The great men who have established our political constitution, framed our laws, guarded our liberties, and enriched our language and literature, here stand before us in the best guise which the portrait painter of the day was able to give. Of the art itself, its varying styles, and its alternations of rise and fall, this exhibition contains not a few master-works. The general public may perhaps feel some disappointment on first entering rise and fall, this exhibition contains not a few master-works. The general public may perhaps feel some disappointment on first entering these corridors. The eye has been vitiated by florid pigments and the éclat attendant on strong lights; it has been accustomed in the Academy to smooth and clean canvases, and even in the National Gallery, dedicated to the old masters, it has met only with the choicest of portraits. From an exclusively Art point of view, then, the collection at Kensington, now happily brought together under the direction of the Department of Science and Art, must claim some indulgence. Many of these pictures have been now for the first time rescued from oblivion; some were discovered stowed away in garrets and cellars; they are darkened with accumulated dirt, panels and canvases are rent, and the work survives only in its ruins. Yet accumulated dirt, panels and canvases are rent, and the work survives only in its ruins. Yet how unspeakably precious are these relics; the dead, even in their ashes, kindle with wonted fire; and assuredly the student who walks these courts reverently shall gather wisdom. Time and labour, however, can alone bring reward. Our first visit extended to three hours, and we had barely time to count the heads of the assembled multitude. We will venture to say that no one will do his duty until, by successive visits, he shall master the chronology of the gallery, connect the leading portraits with biographic and historic events, and withal make an intelligent history of the portrait-art. In the prosecution of these studies the careful catalogue prepared by Mr. Soden Smith and the Rev. James Beck will afford valuable aid.

Following the division already indicated, we

Rev. James Beck will afford valuable aid.

Following the division already indicated, we will first sketch the historic outline shadowed forth by these portraits. The present instalment, to which we may expect a sequel next year, commences with the reigns of the Plantagenets in the middle of the twelfth century, includes the Commonwealth, and extends down to the reign of James II. The period covered then is no less than five hundred years. It is

to be borne in mind, however, that the earlier half of these five centuries belongs to almost a pre-portrait epoch. For example, the heads here shown of Fair Rosamond, with whom the collection opens, and of Sir William Wallace, are more or less apocryphal. The figure, indeed, of Richard II., holding in one hand the globe, and in the other the sceptre, painted on a gold background, reaches more to the ideal type of majesty and regal dominion than to the features of any one man. As early, however, as number: forty in the catalogue, we have reached the commencement of the sixteenth century, and page ten brings us to the era whereof Hans Holbein was the trustworthy chronicler. Downward from that period the materials placed at the disposal of Mr. S. Redgrave and Mr. Sketchley, to whose seal we are so greatly indebted, have been absolutely overwhelming. Of Henry VIII. we are favoured with no fewer than fourteen portraits, yet, strange to say, antiquaries declare there ought to be more. The series, however, acarcely falls short of the multitudinous repicus found in European museums of the bust of Caligula, and that surely is high praise. Of Queen Mary there is a remarkably fine miniature by Sir Antonio More, firm in drawing and minute in detail. Of Lady Jane Grey mone of the portraits are satisfactory. Of Elizabeth and the brilliant Elizabethan age there is happily little lack of reliable record. Of the queen herself we have an exquisite portrait when young, and an excerable daub when old and miserable. This last, with Death's skeleton in the background, we are glad to know, is without voucher, save such as a contemporary picture seldom wants. The illustrious reign of Elizabeth is represented by Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Leicester, Sir Philip Sidney, the fifth Earl of Leiceste

portraits of sundry dwarfs, including Sir Geoffrey Hudson, who was served up in a pie and presented by the Duke of Buckingham to Queen Henrietta Maria.

We must reserve for a future month a more critical account of the history of portrait painting as an art. We shall then speak of Holbein and his great picture, 'The Family of Sir Thomas More;' of Vandyck and his portraits, both careful and careless; of Rubens, as seen gloriously in the armour-clad figure of Arundel; of voluptuous Lely and Nell Gwyn; of more severe Kneller and the head of Dryden. In conclusion, the fact is the reverse of consoling, that the chief portrait painters of England have been foreigners.

DRAWINGS BY THE LATE JOHN LEECH.

Ar the residence of the Misses Leech, in Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, there was held, at the beginning of April, a private exhibition of sketches by the late John Loech, accompanied by tracings of the most popular and memorable of his contributions to Punch. This was a gathering entirely apart from that of the larger coloured drawings already exhibited; and to artists, and those who may have profited by such an opportunity of estimating the earliest essays, and tracing the development of such a genius as that of Leech, it must have proved deeply interesting.

We found in this collection ambitious sketches, made at the early age of six years, so full of spirit and truth that we ask ourselves, on seeing such things, where a child of tender years can have picked up his knowledge. There was the sketch, or a touched tracing, of Mr. Leech's first contribution to Proch, entitled 'Foreign Affairs,' which appeared, we think, in 1841 or '42, composed of a group of foreigners, distinguished by eccentricity of costume; and from this epoch the drawings of successive years became more facile, pointed, and characteristic. It might have been supposed that Hogarth, Rowlandson, George Cruikahank, H. B., Seymour, Doyle, and others, had in the fields of didactic and political caricature left nothing for a successor; but John Leech opened up new ground for himself, cultivated it with unexampled success, and showed that coarseness and vulgar extravagance are not a necessary element of Art-stricture on the follies and affectation of every-day life. Some of the sketches are pen outline, filled in with colour; among these is 'Harley as the Strange Gentleman,' an admirable reminiscence of the popular actor, with many others similar in manner, but wanting the pungent allusion which distinguishes the more recent Punch designs. Here were exhibited tracings of the cuts illustrative of the "Rising Generation," the once famous 'Brook Green Volunteer,' 'The Chinese Ambassador,' 'Whig Measures,' 'Illustrations of Humbug,' 'Paris Fashions for 1

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY has decided to elect, on the 8th of May (after the opening of the Exhibition furnishes evidence of merit), six associates to fill the vacancies that now exist in that department of the body; to which there has been no addition since the year 1864. Soon afterwards, three members will be elected from the associates, and it is probable that the three vacancies thus created will be filled up before the end of the year. The Academy has determined not to increase the mysterious number of "forty." It remains to be proved whether Parliament will be satisfied with a sacrifice to public opinion, the requirements of the profession, and the wants of the association, which is in reality no sacrifice at all. It is by no means probable that Government and "the House" will be content to treat with liberality those who ask much but will give nothing. It is, however, only right to suspend judgment until the case is fully before us.

The Freecoes for "The Houses."—If THE ROYAL ACADEMY has decided to

THE FRESCOES FOR "THE HOUSES."-If there be grounds for a prevalent rumour, an act of gross injustice is to be perpetrated with regard to the artists who have been for many years past employed to decorate "the new palace at Westminster." Messrs. Ward and Cope were distinctly promised a grant in addition to the poor sums they have received for much—and, under the have received for much—and, under the best circumstances, unprofitable—labour; it is intimated that the promise will not be kept. The case is, however, far worse as regards Mr. Maclise. He has made three elaborate drawings, designs for "future" freecoes; for which, if said rumour be correct, he is to be paid nothing; while Mr. Herbert, more fortunate in defying than Maclise has been in obeying, the commissioners, has, it is said, received £1,500 for three comparatively slight drawings. Into this subject Parliament will no doubt inquire, and justice will be done. It will surprise no one if Mr. Maclise declines any surprise no one if Mr. Maclise declines any further work "for the country." His pictures are confessedly among the great productions of the age; his remuneration has been scandalously insufficient. It is an old complaint—that which describes the brawling of mediocrity as successful while retiring genius is set aside.

Line Engraving.—There have been

LINE ENGRAVING.—There have been some remarks in the Times as to the decadence of this art in England; showing that the mezzotints and "mixed" styles, and more especially photography, have almost extinguished the profession of the line engraver. That is true; there are not, we believe, half-a-dozen productions of the class now "in progress;" and the grand work by Mr. Doo after Sebastian Del Piombo (the Raising of Lazarus, reviewed at length in the Art-Journal) may perhaps be regarded as "the last of the line." Of size, that is to say, for the writer of the article in the Times ignores the fact that year after year no fewer than twenty-four line after year no fewer than twenty-four line engravings have been yearly published in the Art-Journal. That is not fair. In the leading journal of Europe, we have a right to expect the credit that is undoubtedly our leading journal of Europe, we have a right to expect the credit that is undoubtedly our due, and we respectfully ask the Times to accord it to us. The engravers who produce these twenty-four plates are in number twenty-four, or thereabouts; for a large portion of twelve months must be employed in producing a single plate; and it is not too much to say that with the exception of Mr. Doo, and it may be two or three others (who do not engrave on steel),

every engraver of ability in England is occupied in engraving plates for the Art-Journal. A glance at the list will show who they are: Mesers. Graves, Goodall, Stocks, Sharpe, Greatbach, Bacon, Cozen, Bourne, Vernon, Lightfoot, Wallis, &c. &c. We have no desire to risk the danger of self-praise; but we feel assured that if the writer of the article in question will give further consideration to the subject, he will feel it his duty to do justice to this work.

NATIONAL GALLERY COMPETITION.—A few evenings before Parliament adjourned for the Easter recess, Mr. Beresford-Hope, M.P., President of the Institute of British Architects, prevented, on behalf of the Society, the following petition to the House of Commons:—"That your petitioners have understood that it is in contemplation to rebuild the National Gallery, and that it is

rebuild the National Gallery, and that it is the intention of the Government to select the architect out of a very limited list of the architect out of a very limited list of competitors. That your petitioners earnestly press upon your honourable House the desirability of the competition being enlarged, and that a greater number of architects be invited to compete, both in order to secure the best design by the wider opportunity thus afforded to able men to submit their respective ideas, and to afford to the architectural world the opportunity of that honourable distinction and generous rivalry which a sufficient competition can or that honourage distinction and generous rivalry which a sufficient competition can alone afford." The subject was discussed after the re-assembling of Parliament, when the First Commissioner of Works, Mr. Cowper, explained the intentions of Government with reference to the competition. Ten architects are to be invited to send designs, which should have in view, first, the retention of the present building as part of a larger one; and, secondly, the construction of an entirely new edifice. Each of these gentlemen will receive £200 for his labour in preparing designs. Mr. Cowper said that his own opinion was in favour of pulling down the existing gallery; but the Government had not come to an opinion on that roint. The designs to an opinion on that point. The designs sent in competition would be exhibited to the public. Five years hence would be the

sent in competition would be exhibited to the public. Five years hence would be the earliest time when it would be necessary to deal with the existing building. Provision would be made for the National Portrait Gallery. The Royal Academy was prepared to vacate the portion it now occupies of the National Gallery as soon as it could find fitting quarters elsewhere.

New Law Courts.—The following gentlemen have, it is understood, accepted the invitation to prepare designs for this important edifice:—Messrs. G. E. Street, A. Waterhouse, B. Brandon, J. N. Deane, H. B. Garling, and J. Gibson. Messrs. G. G. Scott, R.A., and E. M. Barry, A.R.A., declined the invitation. The judges of the designs are the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Alexander J. E. Cockburn, Sir Roundell Palmer, M.P., and Mr. Walter Stirling, M.P. The Pictures at the Kensington Museum.—Various distressing rumours

THE PICTURES AT THE KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Various distressing rumours are afloat concerning the state of the national pictures, now in the Kensington Museum; and Mr. Cole has written to the Times to relieve public anxiety on the subject. He has been answered by Mr. William Cox, of "the British Gallery, 58, Pall Mall," who, it appears, was "invited by the Lords of the Council on Education to give practical information on the preto give practical information on the pre-servation of works of Art"—whatever that may mean. He writes thus:—

"Admitting that one or two of the pictures may have been cracked at the time of their admission into the building (which proper attention would have remedied), there are an

immense number that were in good condition, and that are now in a dangerous state, and even those of which I make an exception have since become considerably more injured. This I attribute solely to—1. The want of a properly and substantially walled building, thick enough to keep out too great heat or too great cold. 2. To the hot-water pipes, placed immediately under the pictures; to the gas, which is notoriously impure in London; and, lastly, to the entire absence of proper ventilation. And I do not hesitate to assert that unless immediate means are taken to remedy these defects, at the end of half a century the works of the English school, beginning from the Hogarths to the glorious works of Etty, will become lost to the nation."

This view is indeed alarming, but we trust that Mr. Cole may be right and Mr. Cox wrong. At all events, the inquiry now pending will be conclusive one way or other.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—Lord Houghton has accepted the Presidentship of this Association, rendered vacant by the death of Lord Monteagle. The interest which Lord Houghton is known to take in all matters concerning Art and literature, eminently qualifies him for the post he has consented to occupy. The Society has reason to congratulate itself in having so influential a chief presiding over its councils. The Nelson Column.—One of Sir E. Landseer's famous bronze lions is, it is said, at length completed, and has been inspected by the Queen at the studio of Baron Marochetti. We trust her Majesty may speedily hear that the three other animals may soon be in a condition to receive a visit from

THE NELSON COLUMN.—One of Sir E. Landseer's famous bronze lions is, it is said, at length completed, and has been inspected by the Queen at the studio of Baron Marochetti. We trust her Majesty may speedily hear that the three other animals may soon be in a condition to receive a visit from royalty, unless the fire that unfortunately took place recently in the Baron's studio, but which is stated not to have been very destructive, should create further delay—certainly quite unnecessary in this long-protracted matter.

Mr. Henry Farrer, F.S.A., the well-

Mr. Henry Farrer, F.S.A., the well-known picture-collector and expert, died on the 9th of last month. His knowledge of the works of the old painters, especially, was great, and his opinion was always considered an authority on such matters. This he was constantly called upon to give, both as regards pictures purchased for the nation, and works in the hands of private individuals. He bore the character of an upright and eminently fair-dealing man in his profession.

his profession.

UNIVERSAL FINE-ART CATALOGUE.—We understand that the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have resolved on producing a Universal Catalogue of all books, from the invention of printing down to the present time, relating to, or calculated to aid, the study of the Fine Arts. The co-operation of a number of gentlemen has been invited to act as a Committee of advice, and Mr. J. H. Pollen is named as secretary. The special object of such a catalogue appears to be to make it of general accessibility in the Art-library of the South Kensington Museum. The new catalogue will be a universal record of printed Artbooks known to exist up to the period of its completion, wherever they may happen to be at the time. A reader would thus find a clue, not only to the works he was looking for in the actual collections of the library, but to other works bearing on his course of studies which had not been obtained, but which had been ascertained to form part of other libraries, whether public or not, either in our own or in any foreign country. All names of rare books would have a reference given to the libraries in which they are to be found. By this means also the deficiencies of the Art-library would be demonstrated, and provision made for its

ultimate completion. It must be obvious enough that there will be considerable difficulty in making such a work thoroughly practical and useful; but the task cannot prove insurmountable, if undertaken by those competent in all respects to the work. If satisfactorily completed, we can conceive no more valuable addition to the Art-literature of our time.

UNDER the auspices of a society called "The International Society of Fine Arts" (Limited), an exhibition of modern pictures and drawings, chiefly by artists of the Belgian and Dutch schools, was opened last month at No. 48, Pall Mall. The collection is small, but it contains some favourable examples of works by Gallait, A. Stevens, F. Willems, De Groux, Clays, Hanedoes, Verboeckhoven, Verschuur, and others, which are worth a visit to the callers.

gallery.

THE TENANTRY OF LORD JOHN SCOTT have subscribed for a statue to his memory; and, having left the selection of an artist to his brother, the Duke of Buccleuch, his Grace, estimating the excellence of the statues in the Royal Horticultural Gardens, by Mr. Joseph Durham, has confided the work to that accomplished sculptor. The statue will be erected in the market-place of Dunchurch, Warwickshire.

MR. GEO. CRUIKSHANK.—Many friends and admirers of this most worthy man and popular artist have associated themselves for the purpose of procuring subscriptions to present him with a testimonial in recognition of services which, for more than half a century, his pencil and personal influence have rendered in the cause of moral instruction. Mr. John Ruskin has consented to act as president of the committee, and Sir W. Trelawney as vice-president. The testimonial will, we believe, be in the form of a sum of money, and we sincerely hope it will prove so substantial as to be not only worthy the acceptance of the recipient, but that it will mark in a high degree the public sense of the obligations due to one whom Thackeray justly called the "friend and benefactor" of his country—one, who even at the age of seventy-three, still works "laboriously, fruitfully, honourably, and well."

MR. PETER HOLLINS has been commissioned to execute a bust of the late Recorder, Mr. M. D. Hill, to be placed in the Art-gallery of Birmingham; and the sculptor is also engaged in producing a full-length statue of Sir Rowland Hill, the Recorder's renowned brother. We rejoice to record these commissions, as creditable less to the artist than to the town of his birth, and in which he has resided all his life. Mr. Hollins takes rank among the foremost of our British sculptors. There are not many who are his equals, and very few by whom he is surpassed. Had circumstances fixed him in London, he would have risen to the highest eminence in which the profession could have placed him. He has preferred to make his home, where, if there be less of worldly prosperity, there is, no doubt, more of honour; for Birmingham may be proud—we believe is proud—to count among its citizens an artist who would receive homage in any city of the world.

Photography in Birmingham.—One of the best—it would scarcely be too much to say the best—photographer whose works we have examined practises in Birmingham. Mr. N. Sarony is a Canadian by birth, of Italian descent, and he is an artist of much ability. He has deeply studied the peculiarities of the art he professes, and has issued some examples

that are of the rarest possible excellence, combining accuracy and force in outline with tone and harmony such as we have seldom seen; insomuch that his copies from life seem at first sight to be transcripts of paintings. A series of portraits of the actress, Menkin, in many attitudes, supply the best evidences of his power. Mr. Sarony uses the "rest," invented by his brother of Scarborough—a very useful and ingenious invention to which not long ago we directed attention. In his atelier we saw it practically applied; it is of immense value to the photographist; giving ease and "rest" to the sitter, without involving the smallest constraint; it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of this "improvement;" which we believe every professional worker would adopt if he could see it in operation.

Flowers from India.—There has been exhibited at the soirée of the Royal Society, and elsewhere, a collection of drawings of surpassing merit, made from the flowers and flowering shrubs of Western India, the large and almost inaccessible mountains and the pathless prairies through which passage is seldom possible. They are of singular beauty; many of them are utterly unknown in England, and indeed in India, except in the immediate localities where they grow; for death has in most cases followed attempts to introduce them to

FLOWERS FROM INDIA.—There has been exhibited at the soirée of the Royal Society, and elsewhere, a collection of drawings of surpassing merit, made from the flowers and flowering shrubs of Western India, the large and almost inaccessible mountains and the pathless prairies through which passage is seldom possible. They are of singular beauty; many of them are utterly unknown in England, and indeed in India, except in the immediate localities where they grow; for death has in most cases followed attempts to introduce them to other habitats. The collection—which includes one hundred drawings—consists of copies from nature by Mrs. Read Brown, the lady of General Read Brown, who long resided in that part of India where alone these flowers are found. Only a powerful enthusiasm could have brought so many treasures together; she has, it is understood, frequently ridden fifty miles to procure a single specimen. Regarded as mere works of Art they are of great merit; admirably drawn and coloured; so minutely indeed are they finished that a vast amount of time must have been expended in transferring them to paper. Their variety is not the least of their attractions; many of them hang in graceful festoons; others are of gigantic blossoms; and all are of the size of nature. We trust they may be published, and so reward the accomplished lady for her indefatigable energy in making the collection.

the collection.

Messes. Bassano and Davis are extensively engaged in producing and publishing photographs for pictures by modern artists; of which they have an interesting exhibition at their rooms in Regent Street. The collection even now numbers one hundred and seventy specimens; among them being examples by E. M. Ward and Mrs. Ward, Sant, Leighton, Ansdell, Wyburd, Johnson, Oakley, Warren, Jeanes, and some fifty or sixty other British artists. They are in all cases admirably copied. The most attractive subjects of the series are those of Mr. E. M. Ward, which represent authors in their libraries; being portraits from the life; of Macaulay, Hallam, Lord Stanhope, Sir Bulwer Lytton, Thackeray, Dickens, and Tom Taylor. It will be well for artists to see this collection; it may induce them to do that which they ought to do—photograph every important picture they produce; not only as a means of registering progress and obtaining a useful "refresher" hereafter; but with a view to gratify and instruct the public on easy terms. To multiply a work thus infers no sacrifice; while the advantages are many and sufficiently obvious.

REVIEWS.

LIVES OF BOULTON AND WATT. Principally from the original Soho MSS. Comprising also a History of the Invention and Introduction of the Steam-Engine. By Samuel Smiles, Author of "Industrial Biography," By SAMUEL Published by J. MURRAY, London.

In the picturesque church of Handsworth, near Birmingham, lie the remains of three men, two of whom, Matthew Boulton and James Watt, did more, perhaps, than any other men who have lived, to revolutionise, by acts of peace, the entire social fabric of the world; while the third, William Murdoch, proved himself an active aider and abettor in the labours of the others. To the two more prominent names should be added a third, that of George Stephen-

n; but his body rests elsewhere.
Mr. Smiles has richly earned for himself the

epithet of "Biographer of our Civil Engineers." In his three large volumes entitled "Lives of the Engineers: " in the abridged records of Brindley Engineers; in the abridged records of Brindley and Stephenson, taken from the more bulky histories; and in his smaller book, "Industrial Biography," he has narrated the lives and actions of many of our great railway-makers, mechanicians, and scientific metal-workers, a manner as truthful and pleasant as sk industry, love of the subject, and a most attractive method of treating it, could bring to bear upon it. And now we have, in what the author s of as the concluding volume of the es of the Engineers," the stories of Boulton and Watt, prefaced by an account of the earliest steam-engines and their inventors. The task, so far as the preparation of materials was concerned, Mr. Smiles commenced many years ago; but finding that Mr. Muirhead, Watt's literary executor, was engaged on a similar publication, which has since made its appearance, Mr. Smiles laid his work aside. Having, however, as he tells us, recently had access to the extensive collection of Soho documents, in the possess sion of Mr. M. P. Boulton—papers consisting of an enormous mass of letters that passed between Watt and Boulton, and between these and their intimate friends and business correspondents— besides a multitude of books having reference to the transactions of the firm at Soho, it appeared to him that, notwithstanding the valuable publications of Mr. Muirhead, the story of the life of Watt was one deserving of shory of the life of Watt was one deserving of being repeated, especially in connection with the life and labours of Boulton; for "the two men were so intimately related during the most important period of their lives, and their bio-graphies so closely intermingle, that it is almost impossible to separate them. They are, there-fore, treated conjointly in the second They are, therefore, treated conjointly in the present volume under the title of Boulton and Watt, the name of the old Soho firm, which had so long enjoyed

a world-wide reputation."

All who have read Mr. Smiles's preceding volumes, will not fail to discover in this also the same amount of conscientions labour and pleasant narration. The field in which he has worked is fertile in interesting story, and the harvest reaped by the author for the benefit of nis reafters is rich and abundant. The his realiers is rich and abundant. And book, like its predecessors from the same pen, is well printed, and contains numerous engravings, especially an admirable portrait of the venerable Watt, delicately yet forcibly engraved by W.

There is a statement made by Mr. Smiles for which we are tempted to find room, because it bears directly upon Art, and because it refers to a matter of which, so far as Watt is concerned, we must confess to have been in ignorance. It appears that among the numerous ideas floating in his profife brain was that of constructing a machine for copying scalpture. "He proceeded," writes his biographer, towards the end of his narrative, 'with the completion of his sculpture-copying machine until nearly the close of his life. When the weather was suitable, he would go up-stairs to There is a statement made by Mr. Smiles for weather was suitable, he would go up-stairs to his garret, don his woollen surtout and leather apron, and proceed with his work. He was as again, and proceed with his work. He was as fastidious as ever, and was constantly introduc-ing new improvements. It was a hobby and a pursuit, and served him as well as any other.

To M. Berthollet he wrote-'Whatever may be its success, it has at least had the good effect of making me avoid many hours of ennui, by or making me avoid many hours of emild, by employing my hands, and given me some exer-cise when I could not go out.' It also pleased him to see the invention growing under his hands as of old, though it is possible that hands as of old, though it is possible that during his later years he added but little to the machine. Indeed, it seems to have been as nearly as possible complete by the year 1817, we may judge by the numerous exquisitely finished specimens of reduced sculpture—busts, medallions, and statuary—laid away in the drawers of the garret at Heathfield. He took pleasure in presenting copies to his more inti-mate friends, jocularly describing them as 'the productions of a young artist just entering on his eighty-third year.' Shortly after the hand of the cunning workman was stopped by death. The machine remained unfinished according to according to its author's intentions; and it is a singular testimony to the skill and perseverance of a man who had accomplished so much, that it is almost his only unfinished work."

As already intimated, this is the first infor-

mation we have received, unless our memory fails us—which is scarcely probable in a matter so connected with Art—respecting Watt's respecting Watts machine for producing sculpture. Whatever the inventor did with it, it is quite clear the machine has never been available for any work of the kind, unless the principles it involved have been applied to the machinery which has been of late years partially in use for carvings in wood and stone. Certainly our sculptors have not had recourse to any mechanical process

of the kind.

In any other country than England the government would have found some means of recognising the genius and worth of such men as Boulton, Watt, Stephenson, Smeaton, Brindley, and others. Titles and decorations could add nothing to their fame—would not have raised them one step in the estimation of their fellows; yet have distinctive honours often been conferred on individuals whose claims must not be named in the same breath with those to whose scientific labours England-and, indeed, the world—owes so much; for where have not their discoveries and inventions penetrated? Yet no star glittered on the breast of the Greenock mechanician; no royal sword was laid on the broad shoulders of the Newcastle pitman. "He," says Sir David Brewster, refer-ring to Watt especially, "who buckled on the weak arm of man a power of gigantic energy, who taught his species to triumph over the inertiae of matter, and to withstand the fury of the elements; who multiplied the resources the state, and poured into the treasury the springtide of its wealth, was neither ack ledged by his sovereign, nor honoured by ministers of state, nor embalmed among the heroes and sages of his country." When living,

"England's too poor to do them reverence;

but when the fire of their intellect has gone down for ever, and the grave enshrouds the once restless brain and busy hand, then she has raised statues, and built monuments, and offered ovations to the memcry of the dead.

OF SHAKESPEARE. Illuminated by H. C. Hoskyns Abrahall. Printed and Published by Day and Son, London.

The last few years have witnessed the revival of two arts, one of which, at least, had fallen into desuetude almost from the period of the mediaval ages. Both of these arts, illumination and embroidery, were then chiefly employed for ecclesiastical purposes: morely in their convent. and embrodery, were then chieff employed for ecclesiastical purposes; monks in their convent cells passed many a silent hour in adorning the pages of breviary and missal, while ladies of "degree" occupied themselves in the enrich-"degree" occupied themselves in the enrichment of vestments and altar-cloths for the service of the Church. The examples of each art, that have come down to us from these times, show to what perfection both were carried, and they serve as models for what the present age they serve us modes for what the present age is producing. But the clergy of our day are as a rule, too actively engaged in the responsible duties of their sacred vocation, to find oppor-tunity, even had they the inclination, to turn

missal-painters or ornamentalists; so that the living illuminators are either those who en-gage in it as a means of subsistence, or ladies gage in it as a means of subsistence, or muce whose taste and leisure lead them to practise the art as an amusement, but one requiring a cultivated mind, a knowledge of design, and well-practised pencil. The rea graceful and well-practised pencil. The re-vival of ritualism in the Church has called forth the labour of many a fair hand whose em-broidery work manifests both her zeal in the cause she may have espoused, and her ingenuity and power in the use of the needle.

Though there is no indication on the title-page that the elegant illuminated designs which 'Songs of Shakspere" surround these adopt our own mode of writing the poet's name -are the work of a lady, and an amateur, we believe we are right in so ascribing them; and the gems, twelve in nur is the setting that enshrines them. Each of th songs is encircled by a broad border, into which are introduced appropriate emblems, foliated, floriated, &c., with birds, insects, shells, &c., suggested by the allusions in the words of the song. Every page shows the artist to possess all the qualities necessary for the perfect practice of the art—taste and skill in design, a good eye for harmonious colour, and a true and delicate pencil. Throughout the series we find nothing overdone, either in ornament or colour. For choice, we would point out "Tell me where is fancy bred," "Yon spotted snakes," "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings," "Blow, blow, thou winter wind,"—most elegant,—and "What districts have "Boy" But winds a blow." But winds a blow "But winds a blo low, thou winter wind,"—most elegant,—and When daisies pied and violets blue." But the whole constitute a book suited to the table of drawing-room or boudoir, where, no doubt, it will often be found.

EPHEMERA. By LADY PAGE-WOOD and MRS STEELE (Helen and Gabrielle Carr). illustrations by LADY PAGE-WOOD. lished by Moxon & Co., London.

Under this modest title, we have here a most beautiful collection of poems. They have reached a second edition. It was not our good fortune to see the first; but though late in our notice, it is none the less cordial. There are in notice, it is none the less cordial. There are in this unassuming volume compositions that may take place among the best in our language, such as few of our readsuch as few of our modern poets have surpass They treat of varied subjects—some are serious and some are gay; but in all there is a high and holy feeling expressed in pure verse that will bear the test of the sternest criticism. The authors, we presume, are sisters; and the name of one of them is well known and deservedly honoured. There is no guide to explain "which is which;" but they evidently think and feel alike with wirds and souls in harand feel alike, with minds and souls in har-mony; and, no doubt, one has been a valuable help to the other. They are true poets, whose poems will delight and teach all who read them. The Art portion appertains to Lady Page-The Art portion appertains to Lady Page-Wood. The illustrations are small woodengravings, gracefully designed and drawn, and add much to the interest and worth of the

THE ANATOMY OF FOLIAGE. Published by T. HATTON, Brighton.

This work-of which three parts only have reached us, though four have been published, as the last in our possession informs us—contains large photographed examples of forest trees, large photographed examples of forest trees, each taken from the same point of view in summer and winter. Thus we have in the one case the tree clothed in its richest and fullest "livery of green," and in the other, standing in all its naked tracery of limbs, boughs, and branches, without so much as a leaflet to remind us of its summer covering. The three parts before us contain respectively specimens of an oak, a sycamore, and a horse-chesnut, all of magnificent growth, and constituting excellent studies for the landscape-painter. The photostudies for the landscape-painter. The photographs, by Mr. E. Fox, are as clear and definite as the art, when applied to such subjects, is capable of producing, and are in themselves pictures of much interest.

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arist."—Atheneum.

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